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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD has made a speech on Reparations which French opinion disapproves. M. Poincaré has sent M. Barthou a letter on Reparations which M. Barthou apparently disapproves, and the letter is accordingly to be written again a little differently before the Reparation Commission gets it. That represents the sum of the week's developments regarding the expert committee reports, which everyone now accepts in principle without defining where principle ends and detail begins. The first optimism is slowly and inevitably wearing off, but the outlook remains fundamentally hopeful. There can be no decisive step taken now till both the German and French elections are over. The German Government has indeed been asked to frame legislation giving effect to the chief proposals of the experts, but the German elections take place on May 4th, and it is obviously out of the question to get new and complicated laws put in shape before then. In any case, there are bound to be difficult discussions over the Ruhr régime. If Germany accepts the experts' proposals without serious reserves there can be no plausible excuse for France to maintain either an economic or a military occupation of an inch of German territory lying outside treaty limits. Signor Mussolini is known to hold that view, and it is inconceivable that Mr. MacDonald can take any other. In view of M. Poincaré's persistent assertion that France will not relinquish her pledges till she gets her money, a settlement of the Ruhr question promises to raise greater difficulties than any question of debts or Spa percentages.

The more the scheme of the Dawes Report is studied, the more the conviction grows that its main foundations are excellently laid. Its great virtue is that, in the event of Reparation payments failing to reach the figures indicated, there will be little room for doubt as to whether the fault is Germany's or not. It certainly ought not to be beyond Germany's capacity to find the necessary sums in German currency, given exchange stability; and Germany's responsibility is confined to that. It is far

more doubtful whether so large an annual sum as £125 millions can be remitted abroad without breaking down the exchange, especially by so early a date as 1928-9. But this will be the business not of Germany, but of the Transfer Committee; and it will be impossible to accuse Germany of wilful default for any failure under this head. The scheme is, indeed, a far better one than it seemed rational to hope for when the Expert Committees were set up. President Coolidge, we see, attributes the credit to the American representatives, and, indeed, credit is due to all concerned. But we may be forgiven for suspecting that the main inspiration of all that is constructive and far-sighted in the scheme comes from one of the ablest and most resourceful financial experts whom Britain has ever produced—Sir Josiah Stamp.

In the general concentration of attention on the Experts' Reports the Palatinate question is in danger of receding farther than is desirable into the background of public interest. The situation in that region has improved, to the extent that the regular German official administration is once more allowed to function. There is, however, still great personal insecurity. The promise given in the Speyer Agreement of an amnesty to all concerned in the Separatist disturbances has been definitely broken in the case of Germans who opposed the Separatists. Sixty Germans have been actually arrested; and of these eleven have been transported to the military prison at Mainz. A further large number of the inhabitants have had to flee into unoccupied territory to escape a like fate. Separatists, on the other hand, are provided with safe posts in the French administration. Meanwhile, the two new parties into which the remnant of the Separatists (chiefly imported from outside) are being reorganized, viz., the "Rhenish Workers' Party" and the "Rhenish Peasants' Party" are active, and universally believed to enjoy French support. The coming elections are regarded by the inhabitants as of crucial importance for their future, and the fear is general that in the remoter districts effective pressure

may be brought to bear by the French to prevent the vote of the electorate reflecting faithfully the overwhelmingly German and Bavarian sentiment of the region. To ensure a really free vote it is urgently desired that the Inter-Allied Sub-Committee which recently did good work in the Palatinate should return there, with the power not only to report to Coblenz, but also to take such measures on the spot as may in its judgment be necessary to prevent the intimidation of the electorate by the French military. We hope that this eminently reasonable desire on the part of the inhabitants of the Palatinate will receive strong British support both in London and Coblenz.

* * *

President Coolidge on Tuesday, in a speech which has already made some stir in European capitals, declared roundly for the report of the experts' committee, and went on to suggest that when once the Reparations problem was solved or in a fair way to solution, he would consider the calling of another Washington Conference to tackle the question of disarmament in the field of submarine, air, and land warfare. All proposals for disarmament are popular in America, and proposals for American initiative are still more popular. It is no discredit to Mr. Coolidge that, speaking on the eve of a Presidential campaign, he should have had those facts in mind, as he doubtless had. Of the two portions of his speech, that dealing with the experts' report is the more important. The fact that the accredited spokesman of the country whose financial co-operation is indispensable if the immediate problems of Europe are to be settled should thus pronounce for a particular method of settling them will go far towards disarming those forces in Europe still bent on picking holes in the experts' proposals. As regards the President's references to disarmament, they must be received, as they already have been, with the respect due to the speaker and his high purpose. The time has not yet come, as he himself indicated, to consider their practical application. When it does come there may be good reason for deciding that an *ad hoc* conference on lines broadly resembling that held at Washington in 1921-2 is not the most hopeful way of approaching a problem which, in its present phase, resembles much less than it differs from the questions raised and partially settled at the naval conference. Judgments on that point must be passed when the occasion arises, and in the light of all the facts then available.

* * *

Dissensions and difficulties within a political party are always entertaining to those outside, and the reports of the I.L.P. Conference which opened at York last Sunday contain good material for the cynic. "We have been told that there are splits in our party," said Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. "I have never heard of them outside the columns of the newspapers . . ." Yet next day a resolution acclaiming the advent to office of the first Labour Government and assuring the Government and the Prime Minister of loyalty and good will was hurriedly put to the vote without discussion amid angry protests from various delegates. "If they must introduce temporary measures while they were preparing the Socialist programme," said Mr. Clifford Allen, in his presidential address, "at least let them sustain the faith and hope of their people by declaring frankly to the House of Commons and the electorate that they knew these temporary measures would not do, and that they were in fact preparing fundamental legislation." Was the Prime Minister thinking of this exhortation when he intervened

next day? "I have no objection," he said, "to the party being called a Socialist Party; but sentimentally I don't like it, because after all there is a sort of bookish association about Socialism. It is a theory, it is very largely a mechanism. You work out the how, the why, and the wherefore, and you examine into what is happening, and you see what is happening, and you lay it together and produce a sort of outlook . . ." The saddest experience in the Conference, however, must have been Mr. Oswald Mosley's; for when that distinguished convert had contributed some of his choicest rhetoric to a discussion on "world-wide federation," a delegate exclaimed, "I object to this Conference being used as a lecture hall."

* * *

If Liberals derive a little harmless amusement from these incidents at York, they will not resent the attempt of the "Times" to make fun of the perplexities of their own party, especially as that paper may well be glad to divert attention from the present impotence of Conservatism. The "Times" chaffs Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George because the former said last December that "it is we (the Liberals), if we understand our business, who really control the situation"; while the latter said this week that, in the eyes of Labour, "Liberals are to be the oxen to drag the Labour wain over the rough roads of Parliament for two or three years, goaded along, and at the end of the journey, when there is no further use for them, they are to be slaughtered." There is, of course, no inconsistency between these two sayings. One has only to read the Prime Minister's speech at York, in which, as Mr. Lloyd George remarks, he was "throwing bouquets at himself and his Government in almost every sentence," to realize the control exercised by Liberalism. It is upon the recognition of Russia, the abandonment of the Singapore scheme, and upon a League of Nations policy in Europe—all matters in which Liberals are at least as wholehearted as Labour—that Mr. MacDonald prides himself. The difficulty which is now coming to a head is not due to any divergence between the policy of the Government and the aims of Liberalism, but to the failure of Labour representatives to face the realities of the situation. If they want to try their hands at legislation they must adopt a more conciliatory attitude. Consultation and co-operation are needed in the House, and some forbearance must be exercised in the constituencies if the regular attendance of Liberal members is required.

* * *

Mr. Buxton's Bill for the regulation of agricultural wages, the text of which was issued last week, provides for the establishment of a National Wages Board and of a system of Wages Committees for counties or groups of counties. The Committees will consist of representatives of employers and employed in equal numbers, nominated or elected in a manner to be determined later by the Minister, and of a chairman appointed by each Committee itself. The Board will also include representatives of employers and employed in equal proportions, but in addition there will be appointed members not exceeding one quarter of the whole Board in number. It will be the duty of the Committees to fix minimum rates of wages for their areas, but all such rates must be confirmed by the Board before they become effective; and in the last resort, if a Committee fails to fix a rate which the Board can approve, the Board itself is empowered to fix a rate over the Committee's head. The composition of the Committees will necessitate agreement between the members of one side and at least a section of the other before a rate can be fixed, for Mr. Buxton has not seen fit to include in the Committees any arbitrating leaven of neutral opinion. That he keeps in reserve on the National Board.

It is a little difficult to determine in advance whether the plan is more likely to encourage the Committees to reach agreement or to shuffle off their responsibilities on to the shoulders of the Board.

* * *

There are already signs that this Bill will be hotly opposed, but, although we recognize that its details will need to be carefully considered, we are wholeheartedly in favour of its main purpose. The present state of agriculture makes low wages inevitable, but it does not necessitate wages as low as those which now obtain in many districts. It is unjust that the labourers should bear the brunt of a passing depression in arable farming, or of the after-effects of over-capitalization during the hectic boom period which followed the war. There are other big industries in worse plight than agriculture, and the strong demand for such farms as come into the market suggests that the well-advertised pessimism of the farming community has been more than a little exaggerated for propagandist purposes. On the other hand, we hope that those who will have to work the Bill if it passes will not wreck its potential usefulness by attempting to do too much in too great a hurry. The limits within which wages can be raised by regulation are always narrow.

* * *

Early in March Mr. Shinwell, the Secretary for Mines, invited members of the Coal Merchants' Federation to discuss with him the relation between pithead and retail coal prices, and the prevalent suspicion that there is an undue disparity between them, especially during the winter months. The merchants declared their readiness to "put all their cards on the table." Unfortunately, when a long series of questions was addressed to them by Mr. Shinwell, although they made out a strong general case for considerable differences between summer and winter prices, they failed to furnish the facts and figures asked for in four of the most important questions, on the grounds that some of the information asked for was of a kind which they do not communicate to one another, and that specific figures related to particular dates would give a misleading picture of the working of a trade liable to severe seasonal fluctuations. Mr. Shinwell has expressed his disappointment with the results of the discussion and his fear "that the public will not be reassured by the answers given." This episode is of importance because of its bearing on the larger questions of middlemen's charges and profits in general. The Linlithgow reports on the various trades concerned with agricultural produce showed that in those trades, at any rate, distributors now exact more than they used to do for their services, and what is true of one essential trade is probably true of others. The whole subject requires very careful examination.

* * *

If it were not for the crisis in the building industry, a sigh of relief for the end of the shipyard stoppage might be accompanied by the comforting expectation of at least a short respite from serious national trade disputes. The resumption of work at Southampton not only lifts the national lock-out, but opens the way to a rational settlement of claims, which have in all probability a foundation in legitimate grievances; it was not the nature of the claims, but the policy adopted to support them, which the public had good reason to resent. Similarly, the way is now reopened for negotiations on the national claim for 10s. a week to all shipyard workers. Peace has also been maintained in the pottery industry by agreement to submit to arbitration. The miners' ballot has disposed of the threat of a coal strike, which has been

hanging over the community for a year or more, and there is little reason to fear that the costly weapon of force will imperil reasonable settlement on the best terms which can be offered in the existing state of the industry. There remains in the immediate future the crisis in the building industry. The operatives are balloting this week-end on the employers' offer of a halfpenny an hour as against their claim for an increase of twopenny an hour. The whole question is complicated by—and complicates—the project of the fifteen years' housing scheme. It would not be a happy augury for this project if the industry which has just been so optimistic about building houses at the rate of 225,000 a year, were a few weeks later to cease work altogether.

* * *

The Irish Boundary Conference has reassembled, and much may depend on whether Sir James Craig and Mr. Cosgrave, with the help of Mr. J. H. Thomas, can hit on a formula that will save the face of both sides. If the Conference fails, the Free State Government will probably feel impelled to press for the immediate establishment of the Boundary Commission provided for in the Treaty, and the Northern Government will refuse to take part in it, on the ground that they were not consenting parties to the article providing for a Commission. A deadlock of this nature would be a serious matter for the Free State, for Ulster, and for Great Britain; and, on the surface, at any rate, the omens are not favourable. Both the Irish Governments have used strong language, from which it will be difficult to recede, and both have an anxious eye on the extremists among their peoples, by whom any sign of a conciliatory spirit will be regarded as a betrayal. On the other hand there is a large and growing body of opinion in Ireland which desires above everything to avoid new occasions of disorder, and the British Government, which has everything to lose and nothing to gain from a deadlock, will certainly do everything in its power to promote a compromise. If Mr. Cosgrave and Sir James Craig can abstain for the moment from playing to their respective galleries, and take a long view of their interests, a compromise should be possible.

* * *

The more the American Senate endeavours to define its attitude on the Japanese immigration question, the more indefensible that attitude appears. That, fortunately, is emphasized nowhere more vigorously than in the New York Press, which enlarges, with a freedom foreign critics would rightly hesitate to indulge in, on the essential levity of the Senate in dealing with great issues and its complete unfitness to be the arbiter of the destinies of a great country. It is now perfectly clear that Senators in their wisdom took umbrage at a letter written by the Japanese Ambassador with the cognizance, and actually at the instance, of the American Secretary of State, and framed in terms which, except to persons who insist (as the Senate did) on putting the worst possible construction on one ambiguous phrase, cannot be regarded as in any sense improper. It appears to be taken for granted that the measure as approved by the Senate will be passed into law, and the handful of well-to-do Japanese who have hitherto been admitted each year under the "gentlemen's agreement" will now be excluded. Japan is taking the affair with considerable dignity, but the Senate's action cannot fail to embitter relations between the two countries. The rest of the Immigration Bill, restricting the annual quotas to 2 per cent. of the total at the census of 1890, is safe to go through, and Italy, who will find the greater part of her immigrants thus excluded, is turning the stream forthwith towards Latin America. The Slav emigrants from Europe will not find the search for new homes so simple.

NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT AND THE ROADS.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S plea that we should employ what may prove to be a prolonged period of unsatisfactory foreign trade in overhauling and improving our industrial equipment has been endorsed by all our correspondents who have so far contributed to the discussion in these pages. It is not, indeed, the kind of plea likely to arouse opposition. "Develop our national resources"—who is there from the Duke of Northumberland to Mr. Wheatley who is not ready to echo the appeal? Who is there, indeed, who has not already echoed it? It has become almost as familiar in these post-war years as the appeal to working-men for "greater output"; and unfortunately to most people its significance is very similar—that of a pious exhortation to our business-men and administrators to be efficient and up-to-date in their several spheres of activity. But there is more in it than that. After all, as the Wembley exhibition will reveal to the world, British industry has lost nothing of its enterprise or its technical skill. The force of spontaneous initiative, on which we have relied in the past and must in the main rely in future, is as strong as ever. But we cannot afford to-day to be indifferent to the conditions—the obstacles—under which it works. There are problems which lie at the root of our economic development, which we are neglecting or muddling at present, which we have got to deal with, as a people, on some kind of coherent plan. We propose in this article to consider one of these fundamental problems—that of the roads.

No subject may seem perhaps more commonplace, more remote from the sphere of imaginative schemes and large possibilities. For a generation past, the roads have supplied Governments, urged to "provide work" for the unemployed, with their readiest expedient. The burden of their maintenance has been one of the favourite grievances of farmers; their condition has been one of the stock themes of light-hearted jest. None the less, the roads present to-day a national problem of vital importance and considerable difficulty. A new form of transport has sprung up within the last few years. It has developed amazingly fast, and yet is still only in its infancy. Its potential reactions upon the economic life of Britain are far-reaching and immense. Throughout history, power and communications have proved the key factors in economic development; and the influence of communications has certainly not been less than that of power. It was the development of the railways in the 'thirties and 'forties which more than any other single factor rescued British trade from the stagnation which had hung over it since Waterloo. The development of motor-transport might well do for us to-day a similar service, might supply our trade with the fillip of which it stands in need, and stimulate to new forms of activity districts which have hitherto lain remote from the main arteries of commerce. But at the root of the development of motor-transport lies the problem of the roads.

Our present arrangements for dealing with the roads are unsatisfactory to everyone concerned. The duty of maintaining them falls upon the local authorities, subject to the control and pressure of the Ministry of Transport, who contribute to their upkeep from the proceeds of the tax on motor-vehicles. This contribution is now considerable, but it covers only the smaller part of the damage done to the roads by motor-traffic. Moreover, the incidence of the tax between different classes of

motor-vehicles is highly arbitrary. A criterion is adopted, which is supposed to measure horse-power but bears only a very rough relation to that, and takes no account of weight or speed or mileage. No one defends it on its merits; it is retained only because it is difficult to find an alternative basis not open to more serious objections. The result is that a heavy commercial lorry pays for hardly a tithe of the damage it does to the roads, and is subsidized partly by the owners of pleasure-cars and partly out of local rates. We thus get the anomaly of a competition between the railways and motor-transport, in which the former, as large ratepayers, have to pay towards the upkeep of their rival's road, as well as bearing the whole cost of constructing and maintaining their own.

This, however, is only one side of the picture. If motor-transport is to be called upon to pay in full for the upkeep of the roads, it may reasonably claim to be supplied with roads adapted to its needs. Our present roads, with few exceptions, are not so adapted. The typical English road is "a reeling road, a rolling road, that rambles round the shire." Apart from the quality of its surface, it is too narrow, too full of curves and gradients, to be suitable for the heavy motor lorries that pass over it. The running costs of motor-transport are greatly increased by these defects; and restrictions are necessarily placed on the weight of the vehicle, the use of tenders, and the like. The full development of motor-transport calls, indeed, for the construction of new highways, specially designed for it, on a scale far more ambitious than any which our authorities have yet envisaged. How can this be done under our present arrangements? Until the better roads are actually provided it would be unwise to increase greatly the tax on motor-vehicles. The local authorities, bearing already excessive burdens, cannot be called upon to finance new construction of the type and on the scale required.

One way out of the *impasse* is suggested by a scheme, known as the Northern and Western Motorway, which is now being promoted in Parliament. The idea of this scheme is to construct a special road for motor-traffic by means of private enterprise, and to charge tolls for its use. The road is to run from Coventry to Manchester, and is thus designed to link up important industrial areas with the Manchester Ship Canal without actually passing through towns. It is to be forty feet wide, to have a perfect surface, to avoid marked curves or gradients, and—what is more—is to avoid cross-roads; for it will pass over or under the existing transverse roads, though it will be connected with them by an ingenious system of junctions. It is at these junctions that the toll-gates will be set up, so that no impediment will be placed on the movement of traffic once the roadway is reached. The ordinary restrictions on weight of vehicle, trailers, and the like will not apply. It is believed that the economy in running costs which will accrue from these advantages will be so great that it will be worth while for motor-vehicles to use this roadway—in preference to the toll-free roads running parallel to it—at charges which will make it a self-supporting proposition. Indeed, it is calculated that the tolls which it is proposed to charge will amount only to about half the economy to the user of the road.

We have no means of judging whether these calculations are well founded. The important point is that men exist who are prepared to sink their capital in the belief that they are, and wait only for the necessary Parliamentary powers to get ahead with the scheme. Whether they will obtain these powers remains to be seen. The scheme

has, we believe, the support of the local authorities in the districts concerned; but opposition, none the less, is highly probable. It is possible that the powerful railway interests will be inclined to obstruct a scheme which is designed to stimulate their formidable competitor. If so, they will be short-sighted; for the proposal would place the competition on a fair basis, removing the element of subsidy of which they have at present reason to complain. Moreover, it is a mistake to suppose that the development of a new form of transport must necessarily be at the expense of an existing one, any more than the development of electricity has sounded the death-knell of the gas industry, which furnishes to-day a remarkable proof of its vitality in one of the best of the industrial exhibits at Wembley. But, apart from the possible opposition of vested interests, the project runs counter to our established prejudices and assumptions. We have come to take it for granted that our roads must be provided by public authority. A reversion to private enterprise and tolls is apt to seem a reactionary step, contrary to the trend of modern progress.

This objection is in our judgment wholly without substance. Motor-transport has transformed the roads from a subsidiary means of communication, serving mainly the interests of the surrounding district, and complementary to the main agencies, into one of the main national agencies themselves. Free provision at the public cost is practicable, convenient, and unobjectionable in the former case, but it is utterly inappropriate to the latter, especially when new developments on a large scale are called for. New developments—involving as they must the element of experiment—are pre-eminently the domain of private enterprise. The existence of the motor-tax already implies a reversion to the principle of tolls. We therefore consider the Northern and Western Motorway scheme a highly promising venture, deserving all the encouragement we can give it. If it succeeds, it will inevitably be the precursor of many others; and we shall speedily become equipped with an adequate system of motor-roads, with the financial problem of their upkeep solved in the most satisfactory way possible. If it fails, we shall at least have secured one useful road at a cost which, except in so far as the State assists, as we think it should, under the Trade Facilities scheme, will fall on private individuals who are prepared to take the risk. But, whether we decide to deal with the problem of the roads on these lines or not, the problem is there; and we have got to evolve some method of dealing with it more satisfactory than our present arrangements, unless we are to miss a great opportunity of economic development.

THE NEED FOR AN INQUIRY.

LORD WEIR'S VIEW.

SIR,—In spite of our dependence on imported food, I agree with Sir William Beveridge that there is no inherent or insuperable reason why we should not regain prosperity. It is also clear that, as we have no longer any "big pull" in natural resources or any applied scientific supremacy, as in the past, we must work harder, more effectively, and more harmoniously than others—and to this I would add, more imaginatively. The explanation of to-day's situation is that we are doing none of these things.

Our main assets are the gigantic goodwill of British industry, the experience and skill of British workers, British coal, and the experience, enterprise, and com-

mercial and technical ability of those who direct British commerce and industry. At the moment we need not concern ourselves so much with British commerce as with British industry. Our problem is to revivify employment for British producers, not so much for distributors or those engaged in transport. These latter are of secondary importance to those engaged in production, a difference which is insufficiently appreciated. It is useless to deny that the post-war years have witnessed a grave failure to take advantage of these assets or to achieve that measure of national productivity by which alone we can realize any improvement in the average standard of living. To this failure many factors have contributed. One of the most important is the failure of statesmen of any party to establish, review, and make clear to the entire community the great changes which have taken place since 1913 in British industry and in British industrial conditions both in the economic and labour fields. No statesman in power has done this yet, and so long as the facts and the conclusions remain obscure, so long our "misgivings" as to the future, and our present lack of confidence, will continue, and in presence of such ignorance class distinction and bitter feeling will continue to grow and flourish.

In your issue of April 12th you suggested we must do two difficult things—face hard facts and act upon new ideas. It is easy to say "face hard facts," but the position is that it appears to be no one's business to collect the facts, correlate them and establish a true picture. To obtain and review the essential data regarding our main export trades; the comparative costs of production, pre-war and to-day; the incidence on these costs of rates and taxes, the changed incidence of wage disparities in the sheltered and export industries, the effect of our currency depreciation and other factors on the cost-of-living figure, the influence of reduced working hours on costs and prices, is an investigation long overdue, and without it nothing authoritative or convincing can be said as to remedial or non-remedial causes of unemployment. If such a review is conducted in a political atmosphere nothing but harm can come from it; if it disclosed the necessity for unpalatable remedial action, then no Government which has the true well-being of the country at heart need be afraid to adopt the remedies if they are made plain and obvious. Pending such investigation no harm can be done by a Government declining to adopt any legislation or to encourage any action which in even the smallest degree tends to complicate or burden still further the effort of our export industries. Accordingly, I submit a strong plea for the collecting and correlating of the hard facts and for their widespread distribution and appreciation.

Now in regard to new ideas and to the value of imagination, here, again, there has been no sign of life on the part of our post-war Governments, including the present one. For example, there is no indication whatever that the Minister of Health has faced hard facts in regard to housing, or is prepared to act on new ideas. His housing scheme, so far as it has already been disclosed, shows no recognition of the hard facts in regard to the building industry, nor does the scheme show a single spark of imagination. In the face of a grave emergency—and there is no doubt that the provision of homes for the poorly paid is a grave emergency—Mr. Wheatley has done exactly what the War Office did in the early days of the war. Like them he has asked the Trade Unions and the industry to do something really big. Between them they will fail because they are handicapped by tradition and precedent in their methods and outlook. The problem of housing for the poorly paid is a production problem pure and simple, and only by attacking it

from this angle will any real progress be made. At the moment I simply cite this as an example of lack of imagination on a big national problem. Finally, let me add that it is a grave reflection on British industrial statesmanship that it is only in the columns of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM that such vitally important discussion should take place.

Yours truly,

WEIR.

IRISH HISTORY: A CONTINUATION.

(By OUR IRISH CORRESPONDENT.)

IRELAND has developed something of the English genius for weathering internal crises by compromise. Several times since my first chapter was written a determined effort might have brought down the Government; several times "the Party" (as we are now coming to call the Cumann na nGaedhael—though the phrase has ominous associations) might have been, probably was, rent in two, three, or four pieces. On each of these occasions a prolonged nocturnal meeting behind closed doors has resulted in some kind of compromise. So that one begins to conceive of the Government's back-bench supporters as sleeping and voting by day in order that they may have fresh minds at midnight to heal such breaches in the Commonwealth as their leaders may meanwhile have made—either inadvertently or of malice. The only reason given for this passion for compromise is that there is no one else to take the place of the present leaders. The argument seems a strange one for a new State, born out of revolution, but the fact is that we Irish are the most innately conservative race in Europe; we cannot bear to see a new man get a job, or an old man lose one that he already has. Furthermore, we are at the moment passionately (and quite naturally) desirous of marketing our butter and eggs; we note that the present Government will not do anything rash to emphasize the fact that this is a separate country—and so we are, on the whole, well satisfied. To put it more bluntly, the fact is that Mr. Cosgrave understands to a nicety the type of progressive inertia which dominates the people at the present moment, and so long as he continues to understand it and it continues to exist, his reign is unlikely to be disturbed.

The debate which took place over the ratification of the "liquor treaty" between England and America had nothing to say to the merits of the Treaty as such—although, curiously enough, it seems to have been taken in the States as an ominous reaction by a liquor-exporting country. It turned upon the discovery that the Treaty was enacted, according to its preamble, by the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—a political entity supposed to have disappeared with the Anglo-Irish Treaty. The same monarch, it seems, has also bound us to the support of Turkey by the Treaty of Lausanne. As soon as this matter came to be discussed, various cognate defects in our status came at once to light. We have no accredited representative at Washington, no consular officers in foreign countries, and we use passports signed by a British marquis and describing us as British citizens. Item, the Anglo-Irish Treaty has not been registered by the League of Nations, although we have been admitted to membership in that body and have a representative at Geneva. Finally—and the connection, even if not directly obvious, is quite a real one—nothing was apparently being done to settle the Boundary question.

All these causes of complaint come down to the same point—the accusation that the present Government are not making the most of the Treaty. This is the same accusation as was voiced by Messrs. Tobin and Dalton in the famous letter which began all the present trouble. It therefore provides an excellent common campaigning ground for the Labour Party and the new Republican Party, and with the powerful support of Mr. Esmonde, our only cosmopolitan and diplomat, the insurgents were able to shake the Government quite noticeably. In fact, the debate might have been decisive had it not been that to most members the larger political significance of it was merged in the personal or domestic aspect. To a large extent it was regarded as an attack on the Minister for External Affairs, and for some time he carried on the defence unaided—and, one might almost add, unarmed. But it so happens that this Minister is the *protégé* and supporter of Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, and it was eventually that distinguished exponent of efficiency who came to his aid. We may presume that the President smiled. Anyhow, the result was a triumphant majority for the Government and the concession that we should ratify, not a "Treaty" but "Articles of agreement for a Treaty." An amazing piece of irony when one remembers the controversy two years ago over the description of our own Treaty of London.

After this was all over one gathers that a sort of general reconciliation took place, and we are only to have two more Parliamentary days before May 6th, to which date the Budget speech is postponed. In the meantime all parties in the Dáil are to reorganize their forces, and the Army inquiry, which is being conducted seriously and honestly, is to be pushed forward. The real problems are yet to be faced—namely, the position of the large and increasing number of dissatisfied ex-officers (who include most of the better-known fighting men of the past) and the rapidly increasing distress and discontent among the mass of the people for purely economic reasons. A change in financial policy appears to be vital, but there are at present few signs of it. The next two days' debate will be taken up by the Bill for the unification of the railways, in connection with which Mr. Cosgrave has provided amusement by describing the business men of the country as "pieces of antique furniture." Was Mr. Esmonde sarcastic when he spoke of the need for three A.D.C.s to uphold the Presidential dignity?

SCOUTING AS AN AID TO ADMINISTRATION IN AFRICA.

(By A CORRESPONDENT.)

AFRICA has had too many "Stanleys" and too few "Livingstones"—too many men of the vigorous administrator or rushing explorer type, and too few observing scientists and practical students, intent on knowing the country and its people. To-day it is beginning to dawn upon the world that here is a continent with great potentialities. Apart from minerals there are forest and agricultural resources that have scarcely been touched. No more valuable or varied timber lands are to be found than the vast forest areas, and there are extensive valleys and plateaus which under skilful development would provide ever-increasing supplies of foodstuffs. Many parts of Africa are rich in animal life, both domestic and wild, and with the application of the simplest principles of animal husbandry Africa would be placed amongst the great livestock pro-

ducing sections of the world. Let it be remembered, however, that these are but potentialities which for their development depend upon the education and willing co-operation of the native races who are the real people of the country. The old conception of Africa as the great Dark Continent, peopled with savages, must give way to that of a continent with wonderful resources, inhabited by peoples with an inherited agricultural tradition, who are extremely amenable to reason, enormously interested in anything to do with planting, willing to learn better methods of agriculture, and ready to support any movement which they believe will tend towards permanent improvement.

As an example of what is being done to interest the indigenous Africans in the natural resources of the country and to assist administration, it may interest the readers of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM to hear of an important movement which is taking root in the Highlands of Kenya Colony. One of the younger Forest Officers, in the course of his duty, encountered the wasteful system of farming common throughout Tropical Africa, namely, the clearing of a small patch of forest by axe and fire, followed by a short period of cropping, and then its abandonment; the same process continuing until the whole countryside in course of time became denuded of trees. The disappearance of the high forest was tending to bring about a change in rainfall and water supply, but what was of greater importance, and immediately obvious, was the increasing shortage of fuel and timber for all purposes. When this Forest Officer first went into the country of the Kikuyu tribe, he pitched his tent on a hill known to the natives by the name of Muguga, which means a treeless place. At one time the whole of this area had been virgin forest, but was now almost treeless; the "Forest Destroyers," as the tribe had come to be called, had earned their name. After long experience of holding barazas, or meetings for Chiefs, and endeavouring to bring home to them the importance of tree planting, with little effect on the African native, this Forest Officer decided to adopt the inspiring principle of the Boy Scout system to prevent deforestation and perpetuate the forest by planting. The native Chiefs were found to be willing to co-operate, and they were banded together, taking the name of Forest Guides. Each of these was to be responsible for enlisting younger men from his own district. At first fifty volunteers, all picked men, were accepted, each man receiving a badge of membership, with the colours, green and white, worked on in beads, which was tied on the left wrist with a kinyatta (a small strap). It was at once explained that the colour green was to remind them of their obligation to plant trees, and the white that every member's heart must be "safi," meaning clean. Each volunteer promised before N'Gai (the High God) to plant ten trees each year and take care of trees everywhere, and to this was added the well-known Scout ideal, to do at least one good deed each day. It must not be imagined that this was all accomplished in a day; for the movement, known locally as the *Watu wa Miti*, or Men of the Trees, was the result of forces long at work. It was entirely voluntary on the part of the members, and this speaks well for the support given by the native Chiefs. At first the "good deed a day" idea was not readily understood by the members, but they were conscientious from the beginning, for often towards evening members would arrive at the camp of their Chief and own up to the fact that they had not been able to fulfil this part of the obligation.

Since those early days reports have come in from all parts showing that the members have grown to under-

stand the idea, and often little deeds of kindness are done, sometimes to a brother African, sometimes to a European settler. One day there was a big fire in Nairobi and several shops were gutted. The fire was rapidly spreading before a strong wind from the plains, and a large petrol store was in danger of ignition; if this had caught fire a neighbouring hotel also ran the risk of being destroyed. Several Europeans were working hard to extinguish the burning telegraph pole which threatened to fall on the petrol store, and numbers of town natives were carrying up water to the Europeans, who threw it where it was most wanted. As the heat increased the town boys shrank back, but the situation was saved by a raw Shenzi, who was a Forest Scout. Without being ordered to do so, this lad caught up the nearest can of water, ran past the crowd of frightened town boys, and pluckily handed the water up to the Europeans. The Forest Scout had led the way, and the others quickly regained their courage and continued to keep up a sufficient supply of water to extinguish the flames. This act of bravery was promulgated in the ranks of the Men of the Trees as an example of what the Forest Scouts meant by a good deed, and since then many daring deeds to save life and property have been accomplished in the endeavour to emulate the scout. The *Watu wa Miti* in a tribe is known as a Forest; this is divided into districts, each taking its name from the dominant species of tree found growing in it. The districts are again divided into branches, each branch being in command of a local Chief, who holds the rank of Forest Guide. Hence the Forest, the Trees, and the Branches. There is a wonderful *esprit de corps* in the organization, and much inter-tribal suspicion is vanishing as the result of the exchange of hospitality amongst members of this brotherhood, who have all taken the same promises and all wear the same badge of membership and possess the same sign and password.

From time to time the Forest Scouts meet together for Forest instruction and physical exercises, the latter proving exceedingly popular. If it is ever found necessary to correct a Forest Scout it is quite sufficient to warn him that if he has to be spoken to again he will not be allowed to attend the meeting. Up till now the Forest Scout method of interesting the natives in the natural resources of their country has only been applied in Kenya, but such methods are capable of a very broad application, and it may not be long before Forest Scout organizations are formed in other parts of Africa with variations adapted to local needs and conditions.

LIFE AND POLITICS

I SUPPOSE the King and the Prince of Wales can now claim that they have addressed an immeasurably larger audience than any ever before reached by the human voice. There have, of course, been remarkable broadcasting achievements in America, but there can hardly have been one comparable with that of Wednesday, when the King's voice must have been heard by millions. His speech at Wembley in opening the Exhibition fell on the ear of the crowds assembled in the public places in the metropolis with admirable fullness and distinctness. It was an extraordinary experience to stand on a London pavement or turn into a London park and hear the whole programme of an event conducted a dozen miles away—the bands, the singing, the speeches, above all, the jolly cheering of thousands of children—thrown out upon the general air for universal consumption. Happily, the day, though chill and dull, was fine,

and the event went off without a hitch. The eleventh-hour rush to bring the Exhibition into ship-shape had done miracles in clearing up the disorder of a few weeks ago. There is, of course, still much to be done, but the show is open, and a very wonderful show it is. The rush to London has not yet seriously begun; but I see that it is estimated that there will be fifteen million visitors before the summer is over. That must be a colossal overestimate, but there will certainly be more people in London than there have ever been before, and if European affairs continue to take a favourable turn the Exhibition may live in history as the event that wound up the war and turned the face of the world once more to peace.

* * *

There can hardly ever have been a more beautiful Easter season than that which sent the world out to the sea-shore, the fields, and the mountains a week ago. It was an uninterrupted feast of sunshine, but though Easter was late the woods were still bare. Even the cherry-trees were not in blossom, and the chestnuts had not unfolded their foliage. The long winter and inclement spring have kept nature at bay, and the winter wheat has suffered badly from the cold winds. In many places it is so completely checked that the sowing of another crop has been necessary.

* * *

It seems pretty clear that when Parliament reassembles on Tuesday a new situation will present itself to the Government. The events of the recess have shown that the attitude of Labour towards the Liberals will have to be seriously modified or there will be a rupture which will leave the Government in the hands of the Conservatives, who will bring it down or allow it to continue on their own terms. With the best will in the world, it will be impossible for the Liberals to mobilize their forces behind a Ministry whose official attitude is resentful and uncouth and whose organization is engaged in open war, not on the Conservatives, but on the Liberals. No event has done more to exacerbate feeling than the shouting down of Sir Donald Maclean at St. Pancras by a crowd of hooligans. There is no one in public life more respected or who mixes his politics with more kindness and good feeling than Sir Donald, and this fact makes the incident more intolerable. It may be said that Mr. MacDonald cannot be held responsible for the excesses of his followers, but those excesses only reflect with ignorant violence the temper of himself and some of the most prominent of his colleagues and Parliamentary supporters. If the attitude of sullen hostility in the House is translated in the country into coarse hooliganism it is only what must be expected, and the real authors of the affront cannot be relieved of their responsibility in the matter.

* * *

In a letter in this journal last week, "F. A. A." protested with some bitterness and vehemence against the comments I had made on this subject, and he quoted Mr. Garvin's encomiums on the Government in support of his protest. Mr. Garvin is a very distinguished Conservative journalist, and if the Labour Party desire to remain in office as the caretakers for the Conservatives his approval should be grateful and comforting. But in any case Mr. Garvin's encomiums have no relation to the point at issue—that is, the attitude of Labour to the party which put them in power and is keeping them in, whether for interested or disinterested motives may be left to other judgments than that of "F. A. A." On the subject at issue the comments of the "New Statesman" are very much more to the point than Mr. Garvin's compliments. That journal was founded in the Labour interest, and

Mr. Sidney Webb is, or was until recently, a director. It cannot therefore be suspected of unfriendliness to the Government. In last week's issue it used these very plain words to the Government and its supporters in the country:—

"It is obvious that the Labour Party, both inside and outside the House of Commons, has adopted towards the Allies on whom it relies an attitude which is entirely incompatible with the continuance of friendly relations. Certainly if the fortunes of the Liberal Party were in our hands we should be sorely tempted to allow the Government to be defeated by the official Opposition, and leave it to face the country upon the very meagre record of achievement which at present it can offer. We think, nevertheless, that it would be very unfortunate if Mr. Asquith were to decide upon that course. The country does not want another indecisive election. It would certainly prefer to see cordial co-operation between the Liberal and Labour parties, with a view to the passing of urgent legislation about which there is no serious disagreement. But that will not be possible as long as the majority of Labour members behave towards the Liberals as they are behaving at present. They may conceivably be right in supposing that the tactics of incivility are best calculated to secure their private ends as a party; but if they suppose that they can pursue those tactics without injury to the immediate interests of the country they are certainly wrong."

I think I can leave these sensible words as a sufficient reply to my critic. His next letter should be sent to another address.

* * *

If the desire of Labour to remain in office is stronger than the desire to break the Liberal Party the situation may yet be saved. But the natural feeling of resentment in the Liberal ranks has gone deep, and without a decisive change of temper on the Ministerial side the temptation to leave Mr. MacDonald's fate to the Conservatives will certainly prevail. Mr. Vivian Philipps's warning leaves no doubt on that point. The Chief Whip of the Liberals has laboured hard and incessantly to preserve an *entente cordiale* between the two parties, but there is a point at which he cannot hope to make his colleagues submissive to affronts in the House and venomous attacks in the country, and that point has been reached. The trouble is that Mr. MacDonald is largely helpless. Labour is an undisciplined and inexperienced party which will not accept guidance from headquarters. It is that fact which has always vitiated the electoral accommodations which the leaders of the party have been notoriously anxious to make. But Mr. MacDonald can do much to create a new atmosphere by an emphatic change of attitude in Parliament. It will need courage. He has fluctuated weakly between appeals to his Right and his Left, and has seriously compromised his reputation for sincerity in consequence. His latest act in practically erasing the word "Socialism" from the lexicon of his party would, if persisted in, make possible that co-operation between Liberals and Labour which is necessary to pass that "urgent legislation," about which, as the "New Statesman" rightly remarks, "there is no serious disagreement." There is a very real desire on the part of all that is best in the Liberal Party to avoid either a final rupture with Labour or another general election, and it is unfortunate that their position in the matter was not left in the discreet and weighty terms to which Mr. Philipps gave expression at Edinburgh. Mr. Lloyd George's subsequent speech in Wales has imported only heat into a controversy which needed only light. We do not want to make it difficult, but easy, for Mr. MacDonald to change the tendency of things.

* * *

The announcement by President Coolidge of his readiness to summon a conference on disarmament in the event of the experts' scheme going through, is the best

news that Easter has brought us. It should help substantially to strengthen public opinion behind the scheme. It cannot be said that the other events of the week have been promising. Mr. MacDonald's unequivocal undertaking, supported by the leader of the Opposition, to back the policy with the whole weight of British influence, has not evoked any satisfactory response from France. M. Poincaré still goes on repeating his formula about the Ruhr which has been his undeviating Sunday diversion for the past eighteen months, and the atmosphere of the Quai d'Orsay this week has been singularly cheerless. If the Poincaré formula holds the field the mere expressions of formal approval of the experts' scheme become empty of meaning, and we shall be back again in the hopeless bog from which the inquiry was intended to deliver us. The most we can hope is that M. Poincaré is temporizing until the elections a fortnight hence clarify his sky and leave him with a freer hand than he has at present. In the meantime, President Coolidge's undertaking is a powerful "bull point" for the scheme, and an important indication of the more favourable direction in which the mind of America is moving in relation to the European problem. We are still a long way off that ideal of the United States of Europe which was the subject of a resolution at the I.L.P. Conference this week; but the acceptance of the experts' scheme, followed by a Washington Conference on disarmament, would be a substantial stride in the right direction.

* * *

I heard the other day a delightful reply of an Indian Viceroy, who shall be nameless, to an official who was speaking in terms of praise of his superior. "I am glad to hear," said the Viceroy, "that Mr. Blank is as good a master to you as he is a faithful servant to me."

A. G. G.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

"AUNT MARIA."

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23RD.

THE "Prologue" is over. With the introduction of the Budget, Act I. (it is assumed) is about to begin. The preliminary proceedings have been tiresome. There has been no programme and no policy. The Government has been mainly "implementing" the programmes and policies of its predecessors. Such "implementing" has produced many ridiculous situations. Some members of the Government have actually been compelled to furbish up arguments of defiant reply to the very speeches they made a year ago. This was noticeable in the debate on the Soudan loan, and also on the Treaty of Lausanne and the Straits Convention. The Government Whips were put on to vote down a series of amendments to the Army Bill moved in the exact words in which, a year ago, they were moved by members of the present Government. Such incidents make for humour, if not for edification. I believe they are termed "maintaining the continuity of policy" of successive Administrations. Perhaps the Prime Minister at York provided a more pleasant definition. He said that such methods impressed "not only the public opinion in this country, but the public opinion of the whole world, that the Labour Government was not only a practicable thing, but that it was a good thing." In sporting parlance, it is "playing itself in."

It is no part of my business, in these notes, to deal with affairs outside the House itself. But some light on things within can be gleaned from external speeches. The Prime Minister, with his now accustomed queer peevishness, stated this week that Government critics should convince themselves that "the rôle of Aunt Maria

is not dignified for themselves or effective for producing a change of mind in the little boys they like to lecture." He also bravely announced that the Labour Ministry was there not to carry out a Conservative or a Liberal policy, but a Labour policy. For three months the House of Commons has waited patiently for the unfolding of this Labour policy. It waited at first with some fear: later with some expectation: lastly with some disappointment. Leaders of the Independent Labour Party appease their more impatient supporters with dark hints at an immense cerebation being carried on behind the scenes, at Committees and Commissions, at the far greater importance of doing things well than of doing things quickly. We are here remote, indeed, from the heroics of the election platform. One assumed that the past five years had been spent in cerebation by the Labour research department, the young Oxford academic Socialists, and Mr. Sidney Webb. But seemingly the process is only as yet beginning. Mr. MacDonald looks forward with pleasure and hope to its continuance for two or three years—meantime enduring under the galling control of "Aunt Maria."

Certainly there has been little evidence of this separate Labour programme revealed to the House of Commons. The building of a great Cruiser programme was part of the Conservative legacy. So was the increase of the Air Fleet. On the other hand, the abandonment of Singapore was in the forefront of the Liberal Election programme. So was a National Housing Scheme, although that appears more difficult in practice than on the platform. Wages Boards in Agriculture and the extension of Unemployed Insurance were also not only in the Liberal programme, but represent merely an extension of principles and instruments laid down and realized by the now despised Liberal Government of pre-war days. "Work—not doles" for the unemployed was the first promising plank of the Labour platform. But the only work hitherto provided has been that arranged for by the last Government before it left office: and that has been delayed rather than speeded up. The removal, when national finance permits, of the taxes on food and raw materials; the giving of Widows' Pensions; the removal of the "means" disqualification for Old Age Pensions; these were in the Liberal—some of them in the Tory Government—manifesto. Where is the "Big Thing" which is to distinguish Labour from all other parties, mean a great advance in human betterment, and sweep Aunt Maria and all her "pettifogging" criticisms away? We look for it in vain. So does the House of Commons. So does an apprehensive or expectant world.

Much nonsense has been written in many of the newspapers concerning the latest of the Liberal Party meetings, held the day before the adjournment. So far from expressing "Liberal Revolt," I found the members afterwards more pleased with it and with themselves than at any previous occasion this session. The firm, strong line taken by Mr. Asquith was supplemented by the first popular speech made by Mr. Lloyd George, who has hitherto on such occasions (although long accounts of his speeches have appeared in some papers!) kept entirely silent. Briefly, it was a repudiation of all future Tory alliances, combined with a protest against the attitude adopted in the House by official Labour towards the Liberalism which was keeping it in office. There was no trace of internal dissension. And even the statement by Captain Guest that he would not stand again for Parliament as a Liberal excited no "fond, unnecessary tears." During the "Prologue," Liberalism in the House has pursued the policy of "go as you please." The method has not been without advantage, especially as few really large subjects have been raised; and opportunity has been afforded for many new members and back-benchers to make a reputation for knowledge and ability. When serious work begins, it is now assumed that the Liberals will act as a unity.

I am not impressed by the protest about the "insolence" of Labour towards Liberalism within the House itself. Bad manners only injure the subject guilty of them. As a matter of fact, outside the Chamber the greatest friendliness prevails both between members of

the Front Benches and the Back Benches of the two parties. It is perhaps a foolish policy which has decreed that no compliment should ever be given (which can be officially reported) to any Liberal member who supports the Government policy, and that so conspicuous a contrast should be exhibited every day between the way the Prime Minister treats interrogations or criticisms by Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain, and the way he treats similar interrogations or criticisms by Mr. Asquith or Mr. Lloyd George or Sir John Simon. But on the other hand, a great party cannot direct its policy in accordance with politeness or insolence exhibited towards it in the official methods of another. Nor could it appeal to the House or country, without loss of dignity, because it is not consulted on public business or policy. It is, after all, the Government (and not this, but any minority Government) which suffers from such follies. For the only result of refusing consultation is that the business of the House becomes hopelessly chaotic, and a minority Government has to accept at the end (sulkily and with loss of prestige) arrangements which by friendly agreement it could have announced at the beginning. The result of suddenly popping in policies without previous Liberal notification was seen in the ill-fated Evictions Bill, which writhed and changed its colour through three or four wasted afternoons until finally knocked on the head, while all that was sane in it was saved by the Bill of a Liberal private member.

Much more serious than this, however, are the difficulties brewing up from the constituencies. It is quite evident that no power in heaven or earth can keep Liberal Members in Parliament blindly voting for the continuance in office of a party which is elaborating and fermenting a campaign to eject them (in many cases with the certain letting in of a Tory in a three-cornered fight) when an election comes.

The whole situation is, of course, inflamed and embittered by the absence of an Opposition. It is difficult to decide whether Mr. Baldwin is a very simple or a very shrewd man. He has repudiated Protection—or at least a general tariff, for a fight is to be made for the Safeguarding of Industries Act and for the naked Protection of the McKenna Duties, and the half-concealed Protection of Imperial Preferences. He allows the more violent opponents of Free Trade in his party to conduct an "educational campaign" against Free Trade in the country; but "we all have our difficulties," as he generously explained to Mr. MacDonald after a back-bench Labour revolt. He allows others to attend lectures on Social Reform and other unusual subjects, and to dabble in investigations concerning that National Insurance which his whole party once opposed so bitterly. Otherwise he gives no lead at all, except occasionally to compliment the Prime Minister and his Government, when defending the things they previously attacked in Opposition. His party represents an inert mass, which, although exciting no enthusiasm, awakens no enmity. The situation may, indeed, be that of an atrophy of intelligence and energy. The speeches of the leaders in the country are as vague, as occupied with meaningless, warm generalizations and commonplaces, as those of Labour leaders themselves. On the other hand, there may be some calculation under this appearance of imbecility. Mr. Baldwin may be in the position of the leader of an army settling down in silence and composure before a beleaguered city in which are enclosed two rival factions, who, if attacked, might combine against a common enemy, but if left alone may (it is hoped) fight against and ultimately destroy each other. In lack of opposition against which Labour and Liberal can unite, the ordinary and necessary functions of criticizing the Executive or preventing ill-conceived Bills passing have to be carried on by the Liberal Party, which thereby excites the resentment of the worshippers of "Labour in power." It is a conceivable view. It is a long view. My criticism at the moment of Liberalism and Labour is that neither appears to be willing to envisage the future: to answer the question "whether in general we are getting on, and whither in general we are going to."

M.P.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ARTICLE X.

SIR,—I agree with "A Leagueite," in *THE NATION* AND *THE ATHENÆUM* for the 12th inst., that "the British Government ought to have a clear policy" on the subject of our obligations under Articles X. and XVI. of the Covenant; but he is completely mistaken in holding that these obligations have been "reduced almost to vanishing point" by the Assembly of the League.

I cannot trouble your readers with a detailed account of the amendments and interpretative resolutions to which he refers, or of the discussion which led up to them, to much of which I have listened. None of them is at present in force, although he omits to say so. The amendment to Article XVI., passed in 1921, may still be ratified. But it leaves the obligation to apply economic pressure unaltered, and in fact increases its efficacy. Canada has made four successive attempts to weaken the force of Article X., and has failed every time. Her insistence shows that she, at any rate, takes Article X. seriously. And so, evidently, judging from his remarks of the 14th inst., does M. Rakovsky.

As for the other members of the League, and, in particular, Great Britain, the whole case for the League in the Corfu controversy was based on Article X.; and it was the British delegate who had Article X. and the succeeding articles publicly read out at the Council. His view has since been completely upheld by the report of the Jurists' Commission, which has been unanimously accepted by the Council.

It is quite true that under Article X. the League can only "advise" (the word in the French text is a little stronger), and not command as to the action to be taken to discharge the obligation, and that the Council cannot so advise unless it is unanimous. This is merely another way of saying that the League is not a super-State. Of course, we are free to treat the clear obligation of mutual protection under Article X. as a scrap of paper if we so desire, either through our veto on the Council or through the House of Commons. But, if "A Leagueite" is really willing that our fellow-members of the League should be attacked and their territory dismembered without Britain lifting a finger, his only honest course is to rechristen himself "Secessionist" or "Isolationist." He and those who think with him are doing the cause of the League far more harm than good by lending it a support which, as he cynically admits, he is prepared to withdraw at the testing moment on any flimsy pretext that he can rake up from the lawyers. It is not thus that mutual confidence and goodwill between the peoples can be established.

With regard to the special cases of Poland and Roumania, I see no reason whatever, either in law, or common sense, or prudent statesmanship, for putting them outside the guarantee of Article X. There is hardly a European frontier North and East of the Pyrenees for which a case for revision could not be made out by a clever advocate. There is nothing sacrosanct about the frontiers of Poland and Roumania any more than there is about the frontiers of Holland. There are provisions in the Covenant (Articles XI. and XIX.) for reconsideration in such cases. Article X. is not a strait-waistcoat. All that the Covenant lays down—I quote from a better "Leagueite" than your correspondent—is "that, however great the injustice, it must not be corrected by war, because war is the very worst way of correcting injustices." Let me add to these recent words of Lord Cecil, that the very worst way of inducing sovereign States and proud and sensitive peoples to consider the peaceful revision of treaties is to adopt the hectoring attitude of your correspondent. I do not think a plebiscite in Bessarabia desirable on any ground; nor do I think would he, if he had thought out clearly what his proposal involves. But if I were a Roumanian and inclined to favour it, his letter would certainly have indisposed me. It is he and his like, if he will forgive my saying so, who are piling up the explosives for the next war, which, let me remind him, if it broke out near Brest-Litovsk, or in Bessarabia, could no more be localized than the war that broke out opposite Belgrade in 1914.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED E. ZIMMERN.

"R. L. S.

SIR,—Is not the contention between Mr. Woolf and his critics due—partly, at any rate—to the fact that the antagonists use the word "reputation" in different senses?

By it, Mr. Woolf evidently means the opinion held of Stevenson by the people who count. Obviously, therefore, from his view-point, he is correct in asserting that, during, say, the ten years immediately following his death, Stevenson's reputation suffered a startling decline.

Equally evidently, by "reputation," Mr. Woolf's critics mean the esteem entertained of Stevenson by the reading public, as evidenced by the sales of works by and about him.

Again, obviously, from their view-point, they are right in denying Mr. Woolf's conclusion.

It may be added that, as in the case of Byron, Stevenson was such a romantic figure in himself that, for the average person, his works will always have a fame even greater than that which could be claimed on their merits.—Yours, &c.,

FREDK. G. JACKSON.

101, Albion Street, Leeds,
April 23rd, 1924.

"THE FUTURE OF HUMAN VISION."

SIR,—In your issue of April 12th your correspondent, Mr. Wohlgenuth, seems to be under the impression that I regard the late Professor Blondlot's "N-rays" as anything but an illusion. He proceeds to demolish them with quite unnecessary vehemence. It did not require the somewhat ungentlemanly trick ascribed to Professor R. W. Wood to prove the illusory character of certain effects attributed to "N-rays," as Mr. Campbell Swinton had already shown that the photographic effects obtained were due to heat, and not to an unknown form of radiation.

There remained certain visual effects to account for, such as the apparent variation of luminosity of phosphorescent screens in the dark. These have, as I stated in my article, been proved to be due to the peculiarities of "rod-vision," or vision by means of the retinal elements outside the "yellow spot" of the human eye.

"N-rays" have been "exploded," not by showing that there was illusion, but by showing how that illusion originated.—Yours, &c.,

E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBEE,
D.Sc. (Lond. and Birm.).

"THE CHINESE CONFESSIONS OF C. W. MASON."

SIR,—On March 8th I was much surprised to see in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM a whole page devoted to the criticism of "The Chinese Confessions of C. W. Mason"! It so happens that Mr. Mason is a neighbour of mine, and as I was aware that he never reads newspapers or receives clippings, or sees anyone at all, and is unable to read any but large print, with a magnifying glass, I took this notice round to him. It was such an unusual honour for an unknown author, and the print was so clear, that I felt sure he would be pleased.

The description I shall give of Mr. Mason may sound incredible, but it is quite true, and what is more, he is so peculiar that when I showed him what I had written about him, he merely shrugged his shoulders and said: "What does it matter? I know no one, so what people think of me cannot hurt me, and may even do me good. But if you imagine that you are going to creep into print under my apparently magnificent ægis, I warn you, young lady, that you are courting a woeful disappointment. Any editor would recognize this at once as a 'puff,' and consign it to the wastepaper basket with a laugh."

Mr. Mason is an old man and rather cranky, and lives all alone in an attic, doing his own washing and cooking, and often living for a whole week on dry bread alone. He seems to have arrived in England from some unknown "foreign parts" about a year ago, and to have no friends or relatives, and to shun making acquaintances. Even in the house where he lodges he is rarely seen or heard, and no one knew that he had a book out until his name was seen in newspaper reviews. He was asked by the landlady (to whom, if I may divulge it, he is said to be in debt for his rent and even for his bread) to present a copy of his book to the

people in the house. He refused—in writing, as usual, with a note left outside his door at midnight—and I am going to quote this note, since by this time, you may be sure, it is public property in the neighbourhood:—

"Dear ladies,—If, as Mrs. D. informs me, a book of mine has been published, it will seem very churlish of me not to present a copy to the house. I even judge from the parcel left at my door that the usual author's copies have been sent by the publisher, which makes my refusal seem even more mean.

"I don't intend to open the parcel nor, at present, to be aware that the book is out or what it is called. I shall have no interest in it till six months hence, when the first royalty payments are due, and as I don't expect there will be any royalties, and hard cash is the only thing I want, I prefer to forget its existence.

"Probably this is my 'Chinese Confessions,' and it is not at all the sort of book I should care for my friends to read. If they do by accident come across it I hope they will consider it as pure fiction.

"I am at present so busy with other work of a different nature that it would only disturb me to think that anyone I know was reading this little experiment. I trust my kind and credulous friends will be so obliging as to forgive—and forget."

Such, then, is the man—surely a very eccentric sort of personage to find in modern London! Although wounded in the war, Mr. Mason draws no pension, nor does he apply for the "dole"; probably from laziness, although, when urged to, he made the excuse that he was not entitled to it, "being an honest working man who has nothing to do with any infernal insurance swindle." I regret to say that the retired pirate is said to be addicted to grumbling to himself in such remarkable language that fellow lodgers have to cover their ears. Of course, now that we have all read the "something-something" book we understand our queer visitant's reticence! Also, his non-reticence; for at times, when his rotten old typewriter goes wrong, or his eyesight troubles him, he becomes decidedly vocal!

Mr. Mason read the review, and made some remarks. Your critic may care to hear them. (He had first refused to look at it, saying he "didn't want the world brought to his ears.") "I am grateful to you for bringing this to my attention, after all. It is, as you say, an honour. It is still more a comfort, for I expected the book to be so slated for indecency and defiance that my courageous publisher would withdraw it before it had a chance."

"You expected it to have a chance then, after all?" said I, maliciously.

"I expect it, or the entire autobiography to which it is the introduction, to become a 'classic,' of course," he replied drearily, "but that is only saying that I expect it to die stillborn. That is why I find this review comforting. Mr. Leonard Woolf appears to know literature, which is rather a strange thing to me. I thought people only read ragtime detective stories and cinema piffle."

"Do you?" I inquired.

"No—but I try hard. I can't afford magazines or picture shows. I am compelled to fall back on books I can pick up in the fourpenny rummage box—amateur antiquities like Homer and Milton and Dante and Cervantes. You have never heard of them? Well, I don't blame you. They are not quite up to the standard of a modern young woman of London. Mr. Woolf writes extremely well, and has a disconcerting—I mean a discerning—eye. He might have gone a little further than saying that 'at least two' of the names mentioned by me are real names. Surely Lord Salisbury, Sir Robert Hart, Sir Robert Bredon, Sir McLeavy Brown, Sir Nicholas Hannen, are, if dead, identifiable? Not that it matters. I told my publisher that this book's only chance was as a 'work of art.' He didn't the least understand me. But I am writing it in the conviction that some one will understand me—when I'm dead."

"It is not finished yet, then?" said I, teasing the fretful old man. He exploded a little, but as what he said might be taken as an advertisement of future books I suppress it.

"Mr. Woolf accuses me of going 'ultra crepidam' with my 'science of psychology,'" he continued, "but I might retort that he goes beyond my book in expounding his art of criticism. Tell him from me that I catch him tripping—he will not be offended, and he will admit it. He says he cannot place me on his shelf with Cellini, Casanova, and Rousseau. But of course he cannot! He hasn't got 'me' yet. He is comparing a three-months' fragment of my life of sixty years with the entire autobiographies of these gentlemen. I

have never seen the Cellini and Casanova books, but I am sure Rousseau (whom I have only glanced through as a boy in search of passages which I am glad to think you know nothing about) is at least half a million words. If Mr. Woolf and the world—and God in passing: I am always polite to God—will give me rope to complete five sections of my memoirs, room may yet be found for me on the five-foot shelf."

"I should advise you," said I severely, "to study Casanova. Mr. Woolf says that is your best model for method and style."

He peered at me through his double spectacles in doubt, and then consented to smile. "I kow-tow to your superior acumen, Madam. But I would like to point out that all three of your 'great literary scoundrels' are foreigners, and I am not. I presume England, even in this belated day, is entitled to a literary scoundrel of its own, if it can produce one. But if so he must be English, and he must be *sui generis*. I am nothing, and very conceited, and a great fool to talk to you like this; but as I seldom speak to a living soul, when I

do I claim the right to brag. I venture to say that whatever else I am . . ."

"Such as an ex-burglar whose occupation's gone?" I prompted.

"Only owing to my eyesight," he snapped. "Whatever else I am, I am and remain C. W. Mason, and not Casanova or another." He reached up to a big old scabbard on the wall, and plucked out the smallest of three daggers. I ran to the door. "What is the matter?" he said, putting his hand to his ear—for he is a little deaf. "Did you hear something?" "I thought you were going to cut my throat," I stammered. "Oh, no," he replied drearily, not in the least taking my innuendo. "I was only going to clean out my pipe. Thank you so much for calling. Don't come again."

Mr. Mason's attic is garnished with an old axe, and drill, and revolver and cutlass, and when I whispered to the landlady—"Why don't you MAKE him pay? He can easily earn money if he likes!" the dear old lady replied, trembling, "But I am so afraid he might break up the house with that axe!"—Yours, &c., K. S.

THE BIRTH OF AN EMPIRE.

By E. M. FORSTER.

FEELING a bit lost, and lifting my feet like a cat, I entered the grounds of the British Empire Exhibition a few days before their official opening. It was the wrong entrance, or at all events not the right one, which I could not find, and I feared to be turned back by the authorities, but they seemed a bit lost too, though they no longer lifted their feet. Useless for pussy to pick and choose in such a place; slab over one's ankles at the first step flowed the mud. A lady in the Victoria League had told me there was to be no mud; "There was some, but we have dealt with it," said she, and perhaps there is none at the proper entrance; the hundreds of shrouded turnstiles that I presently viewed from the inside were certainly clean enough. But the authorities seemed covered with mud; it disputed with grey paint the possession of their faces; they made no bones about mud at all, and were—without exception—courteous and cheerful. They were even leisurely; the idea that they were completing an entertainment which should be opened on April 23rd had evidently been dismissed from their minds, and they went on living their lives. In this they showed their high imperial vision. Pray, did Clive settle the date when he would win Plassey, or Stanley and Livingstone decide exactly when and where they would shake hands? Certainly not. They were making history, not keeping to it, and Wembley does the same. Clocks may strike, suns rise and set, the moon herself accomplish an entire revolution, but the loftier enterprises of man have always ignored such promptings. What is time? And, after all (I thought), why should the Exhibition not be opened on April 23rd? It is even open now.

I was bound for the Indian section, and received a good deal of sympathy and advice from the navvies I consulted. They agreed India was no ordinary journey, and far-away looks came into their eyes. "It's a bit mucky that way. . . . Best try through that large building, but don't bear too much to the left or you'll get mixed up in the stuff." I was already glad to be inside a building, for the mud seethed with railway trains, and if I attempted open country, gardeners complained it was their new grass lawn. But the building was so large that it failed in the normal immunities of an interior; more railway trains ran down its stupendous galleries, and there was the extra terror of motions overhead that shaved one's scalp. Some of the machines were exhibits and stood still, but, just as at Madame Tussaud's, one could never be sure the quietest creature would not

shoot out a claw suddenly. Getting more and more mixed up in the stuff, I dodged among plesiosaurs and waded through brown paper and straw—until, as in a dream, I wriggled through a small hole into the open air and saw across more central mud a mass of white minarets in the later Mogul style.

But how noble and severe was the nearer landscape! Almost overwhelmingly so, had it been complete. Gravely flowed a canal, Mr. Kipling was going to name the streets, every street-lamp represented the terrestrial globe together with its axis, and two vast white buildings occupied the middle slopes of a hill, one of which now negotiated the approach of a super-colossal horse. The horse was strapped upon a lorry; it lay upon its side, its stomach gleaming pallidly, and its hoofs sticking out like tureens. Bomp, squelch went the lorry, but the horse kept all of a piece. Did it propose to enter the building, like the stuffed animals, or to perch on its roof like a bird? I could not tell, nor waited to see, for neither the horse nor the building was then looking its best. No doubt both will gain in dignity when they come to terms; but they were obviously ill at ease for the moment, so I passed on, aware that the building must be Australia, and the horse one of the Horses of the Sun. So the other building must be Canada, which lays more stress upon the tranquil afterglow. And the stern circular mass towering above them both, and executed in the loftiest Round-Tabular style of architecture—this must be the Stadium, aspiration's summit. Some advertisements of beer and biscuits topped the Stadium, and filled me with furtive relief, and I learn with regret that the public opinion of the Empire will have none of them and insists on their removal. I am sorry. Beer at tenpence the glass is surely the stuff to give them now and then, and, anyhow, the price I paid for the stuff at lunch. However, one must not become the least vulgar at Wembley, for there is a Petty Court inside it, where you can be had up in front of a couple of beaks if you enjoy yourself in the wrong way; that is said to be ready, anyhow. Pull the advertisements down. The Bishop of London has been prevailed upon to consecrate a small, aisleless church. The postage stamps have been admired by the King. In fact, with the exception of a cemetery, a seriously minded man will find through these turnstiles practically everything that he can require.

Walking along a duckboard, we reach India; some packing-cases in the entrance, labelled East Africa, prove it. Building better than they knew, the Native States

appear in a most realistic and convincing state of confusion. It is impossible to settle their boundaries, to adumbrate their constitutions, to grasp their policy. I wriggled from cubicle to cubicle. In one of them, surrounded by parcels, a young lady smoked a cigarette. Asked where I was, she said Patiala. Asked what was in her parcels, she said she thought tigers, but was not sure. Indeed, no one did know what was in their parcels, and the East was unfastened amid cries of surprise and joy. "Hilda, I had a topping time this morning . . ."; a stream of girls ran, leapt, and dived, swinging their attaché cases. Where had Hilda's friend come from, and what had she been up to? Other ladies followed, with dusty hair and bright eyes. Shrieks of "We shall never be ready; I'm simply frantic, but they're worse; Oh, have you seen the little lacquer things?" Indians smiled charmingly, and gave incorrect information. It was all delightful; indeed, nothing was wanting except a few more exhibits.

I did come across one—a model of the Mosque of Wazir Khan at Lahore—and this was so lovely and so superbly executed, and stood so incidentally and accidentally upon a table, that it had all the magic of a real building, met by chance among squalid or pretentious streets. When I see it next, it will probably be glassed, docketed, and have lost its preternatural charm. The students of the Mayo College of Art had made it, I was told, and perhaps have made models of the other Lahore buildings as well, but no one could be sure what the packing-cases would reveal. This mosque, and a peep-show of the Assuan dam, are the prettiest objects I hit at Wembley; there is plenty that is ludicrous, and all too much that is elevating, but little so far that is delicate, touching. Of course, beauty always does have a rough time in these shows—even rougher than in the actual world. The moment you put a picture into a Palace of Art it wilts like a cut flower, whereas a machine jibs for joy as soon as it gets into a Palace of Machinery. How triumphant the machines are! How imposing are the Horses of the Sun, and the stuffed necks and faces of the various wild animals, and cherries in bottles, and corn in shucks! They are the true denizens of Wembley, they flourish in its rich soil. The Mosque of Wazir Khan and its little friends have a very different summer before them, and I wish them happily through it, and a safe return to their true homes.

Well, it is a show that will suit all tastes. Millions will spend money there, hundreds will make money, and a few highbrows will make fun. I belong to the latter class. Rule me out; go, think your own thoughts, don't forget your spats, and don't expect an Empire to be born too punctually.

A PIGEON IN CLIFFORD'S INN.

"I love you, I kiss you,
My pigeon, my own!
How I shall miss you
When you are gone!"

I DO not believe that Mr. W. B. Yeats meant the above poem to be taken literally. If he did, his experience of a personal pigeon was more fortunate than mine. He could not have spoken so lovingly had he nursed a sick pigeon as I have done, persuaded it back to life, helped it to readjust itself, maimed, to the universe, comforted it in convalescence, only to receive in return black depression which became actual, vicious resentment that found vent in snarling and pecking at the hand that tended it, before it exhibited the final

ingratitude of flight. Perhaps Mr. Yeats excels in kindness. Perhaps his pigeon had a better disposition than mine. If I had made the slightest attempt to kiss my uninvited guest, which stayed a month, I should probably have had an eye pecked out. But the end of the verse came oddly true. I missed, and still miss, my pigeon now he has gone.

Collectively I like pigeons, but to single one out of any flock and coax it to come and live with me and be my love was never my intention. Nor did I offer any inducements. Fate and a black cat attended to the affair.

London pigeons are on the whole well able to take care of themselves. No doubt they are poached occasionally by town-bred gipsies for the stew-pot. Certainly at times the cat must be cleverer than they. But in comparison with the number of pigeons in London these tragedies must be few. One is glad to hope so for the loveliness of their red feet and shining feathers. My pigeon came to me by special messenger—the enormous black cat of incredible experience and poise which inhabits the courtyard of Clifford's Inn. He arrived at the door of my rooms, bearing his prey in his jaws, at the very instant I had opened it to the laundry-boy. The black cat was looking for a quiet place to lunch, and selected my sitting-room without hesitation. He entered with just a trace of urgency, although nothing undignified, and prepared to retire under the bookcase. I had time to fling myself on his glossy back, clutch him till he dropped the bird, and with the aid of the laundry-boy—a prompt and sympathetic person—to hurl the mighty hunter down the stairs and close my door. The pigeon, just breathing, lay on its breast, I could not tell how greatly hurt. After an hour or two I moved it to a room by itself, making it a nest of old cotton, and wetting its beak and placing water close by. It never stirred except for that faint breath for eighteen hours. Then I found it with deep shudders trying to stand. Presently it could do this, and dip its beak into the water, only to sink on its breast half dead again. It was hurt between its wings, where the cat had carried it, and most horribly shocked, but nothing seemed broken. It practised standing, and would sink ill and horrified on its breast and remain so for hours at a time. I knew nothing of sick fowls, and had no one to advise me. I kept its surroundings clean, and provided fresh food and water twice a day. The first food my pigeon took was rice. In my anxiety to succour him I boiled the rice, but this he turned from in contempt. Between his periods of unconsciousness he pecked a grain or two of dry rice.

He grew no better and no worse, having reached this stage, and I decided that he was an albatross in disguise so gloomy was his company, so sad his lifeless form beneath my window. In the morning he never attempted to move until I was up and in the sitting-room, changing his water and the four sheets of the "Times" which was his habitation on my floor. When all was fresh he would dip his beak in the water or peck a morsel, and relapse on his breast again with closed eyes. One day I heard him try to move about the folded paper a little—it was exactly like watching an invalid trying to walk after long illness. He stumbled and gave it up, faint with anguish, and later tried again. I bought him bird-seed, mixed pigeon food, and peas.

Years passed thus—or so at least it seemed to one who had been long in city pent, in the hottest summer on record, with all friends away and a sick and most depressing pigeon for company. He was always there, and always dejected to the last feather. It was always hot!

He grew slightly better, opening his eyes longer at a time and eating more. He scraped and pattered across the "Times." He even tried to take a bath in the

pudding-dish, but was not at all thorough about it. (I had discovered that he had lost the sight of one eye, not a new wound, and probably the cause of his capture.) I lifted him to the window-sill and let him feel the sun and wind. It did him good, but he tried to fly back into the room and fell again on his nest half-dead. But next day he began to explore the room, creeping off the papers on to the carpet. Each day I lifted him to the window-sill, and each day he was better able to fly back into the room. He never tried to fly into the trees, or to make for his old haunts and kindred in the Record Office garden.

Then one evening a certain liveliness showed itself. My pigeon seemed to throw off invalidism. His eye was bright, he pecked the grain vigorously. He refused to stay on his own territory, and when guided back to it he bit my hand and snarled. No other word describes the sound he emitted, and he looked distinctly vicious. Next morning he was up early and had taken a bath in the pudding-dish when I greeted him. It was a lovely morning, and I lifted him to the window-ledge, spreading a plentiful breakfast for him. He pecked my hand in farewell. He preened himself in the sun. He tried first one wing and then the other. He strutted boldly about. He ate long and greedily. With every moment resolution seemed to be growing in him, and strong excitement. He looked at the green leaves of the lime-tree shaking the sunlight at him; he heard the voices of the birds, of the other pigeons too in the next garden. He cast me one baleful glance from a bright, indignant eye—of this I am sure—and then stretching out his wings he took flight, a little irregularly but with fair strength, in the direction of the Record Office. The trees hid him, and I never saw him again. I missed him, troublesome as he had been, gloomy, singularly depressing and unresponsive. I miss him still. I am afraid to think of his fate, but he was too heavily handicapped for a long life. We might have been friends had he stayed.

As to his would-be murderer, the black cat, a last word. He frequented my door all the time the pigeon was with me, mewing fiercely and reproachfully, and demanding his prey. At all hours I stumbled upon him in the shadow of the stair, watchful and incensed. When the pigeon had gone I admitted the black cat into my rooms. He searched everywhere with a noiseless persistence, going over the ground many times, and looking at me with green, transparent eyes, full of bitterness. At intervals he still visits me, and still searches.

"After all, it was *my* pigeon," he seemed to say.

On the whole, I think it is a mistake to interfere with nature.

M. G. C.

SCIENCE

KANT AND SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.

By J. B. S. HALDANE.

IMMANUEL KANT was born at Königsberg on April 22nd, 1724. He is one of the least readable of the great philosophers, and except in Germany is little read by scientific men who have at least a nodding acquaintance with a Berkeley, a Lotze, or a Bergson. But it is the purpose of this article to suggest that not only are his philosophical views of extreme importance for science, but that they are more important now than when Kant arrived at them a hundred and fifty years since.

The highest compliment which posterity can pay any thinker is to regard his most original thoughts as the data

of common sense. In our time this has happened to Descartes. The average man would probably agree with him that matter had extension and mind none. He would use Descartes' brilliant invention of co-ordinate geometry to illustrate an argument on unemployment or climate. He would be willing to regard his body as a machine guided to some extent by an unextended mind. The reasons for the triumph of Cartesian philosophy have been largely the apparent explanation of such properties of matter as heat, colour, sound, and odour in terms of its configuration and motion. The progress of physics until twenty years ago had thoroughly justified Descartes' apparently arbitrary interest in the spatial properties of matter. And similarly physiology seemed to be progressing steadily towards an account of the body as a mechanism sometimes interfered with by a mind which could, however, for most purposes be left out of consideration. And whatever philosophical views one might subscribe to on religious or intellectual grounds, one tended to act over a large range of circumstances as if the above views were correct.

Except for Locke's distinction of primary and secondary qualities, very little post-Cartesian philosophy was incorporated into the assumptions of science, and the most recent work up to 1900, demanding, as it did, the postulation of an ether filling apparently empty space, bore a startling Cartesian appearance. In only one respect had any serious approach been made to the Kantian position. Mathematical physicists had quietly but definitely dropped the idea of causality, because they found that forces which have to be postulated as causes of motion do not possess those qualities of permanence which had rendered physical quantities such as mass, energy, and momentum so attractive. Of course, there were not wanting those who gave a more idealistic interpretation to the available evidence, but on the whole a realistic one seemed simplest. Then the theory of radiation broke down. It failed to explain radiation by very rapidly moving or very small bodies. The first failure led to the theory of relativity. According to this theory events form a four-dimensional manifold, and the relation between that series of events which constitutes our bodies and other series determines which of the latter we shall regard as simultaneous events, and which as successive and stationary. On Einstein's old theory the four-dimensional space-time was homogeneous, like the space and time of perception, and it was open to a philosopher who accepted his views to regard the action of the mind in perceiving space and time as merely selective, and not constitutive. But according to the general theory of relativity, which enabled Einstein to predict, among other things, the observed deflection of light by gravitation, space-time is not homogeneous, but bears a relation to the "flat" space-time of the special theory similar to that between the surface of an orange and a plane. If this is accepted (and scientific men in general accept it, because it enables them to predict certain observable phenomena with accuracy) it is clear that the action of the mind in perceiving homogeneous space and time is truly constitutive, and it is dubious how far the space-like character of the event-manifold is not a mere concession to our ideas of what a "real" world ought to be like. Eddington would go so far as to attribute every element in our experience of the external world, except that of atomicity, to our own mental processes, an interesting conclusion in view of Kant's insistence on the plurality of things in themselves.

The criticisms of the reality of space and time which arise from the theory of radiation by atoms are still more serious. The state of the atom before and after it radiates, and the subsequent history of its radiation, can be expressed in terms of the older physics, supplemented by relativity, with such accuracy that disagreements of less than one part in a thousand between theory and observation are the signal for a storm of further experiments. The passage of the atom from one stationary state to another, which coincides with the act of radiation on absorption, can also be dealt with by a mathematical theory due mainly to Planck and Bohr, and often with equal accuracy. But every attempt to repre-

sent the process of radiation in terms of continuous space, time, or space-time, has broken down in the most hopeless manner. Bohr at least is convinced of the futility of any attempt at a "model." He is content to develop his beautiful, but highly formal, mathematical theory:—

"Und schreibt getrost; Im Anfang war die Tat."

And so the world of physics reduces to a manifold of transcendental events, which the mind distributes in space and time, but by so doing creates a phenomenal world which is ultimately self-contradictory. And this is approximately the position reached by Kant in the critique of pure reason.

In biology we are for the moment in a curiously Kantian position. The mechanistic interpretation has nowhere broken down in detail. Every process in the living organism which has been studied by physical and chemical methods has been found to obey the laws of physics and chemistry, as must obviously be the case if, as Kant taught, these laws merely represent the forms of our perception and abstract understanding. But these processes are co-ordinated in a way characteristic of the living organism. Thus we cannot avoid speaking of the function of the heart, as well as its mechanism. Some biologists cherish the pious hope that the physico-chemical explanation will be found to break down at some point, others the impious expectation that all apparently organic order will be reduced to physics and chemistry. There is very little in our present knowledge of biology to justify either of these standpoints, though evidence from other sources may seem to favour the former. The physiologist is therefore at present left in the peculiarly exasperating position reached by Kant in the second part of the critique of judgment. However mechanistic his standpoint, he must use the idea of adaptation at least as a heuristic principle. He will probably attempt to account for it as a result of natural selection, but natural selection is more fitted to explain the origin of given adaptations than the existence of living beings to which the term adaptation can be applied with a meaning. At present, with Kant, we are compelled to leave open the question "whether in the unknown inner ground of nature the physical and teleological connection of the same things may not cohere in one principle; we only say that our reason cannot so unite them."

It thus appears that the doctrines of both physics and biology have reached stages which are more easily reconcilable with Kant's metaphysics than with that of any other philosopher. I do not suggest that either a physicist or a biologist need be a Kantian if he adopts any metaphysic: I claim, however, that other metaphysical systems, though they may be preferable on other grounds, are all definitely harder to adapt to the present data of science. If, for example, with Russell in his "Analysis of Mind," we regard perception as essentially a selection of certain *sensa* from a larger number which exist, we arrive at a real world vastly more complicated than that of physics, even though it finds no room for purpose. If, with J. S. Haldane, we regard purpose as more fundamental than mechanism, we have to look forward to a complete restatement of physics on teleological lines in the future, without being able to form any clear idea of how in detail this is possible.

I should be the last to suggest that the Kantian standpoint was any more final than the Cartesian. On the other hand, there seems to me to be little ground for supposing that after another two centuries of scientific research (the conduct of politicians suggests that they may not be continuous) the data of science, which will then presumably include much of psychology, will support one rather than another of several post-Kantian systems. And it looks as if Kant was at least correct when he claimed to have written the prolegomena to every future metaphysic.

The reason why Kant stands in this rather unique relation to scientific thought is probably that he was the last man to make contributions of fundamental importance both to natural science and to metaphysics. Apart from his work on meteorology and earthquakes, he was

the first to put forward the nebular hypothesis, and to point out the importance of tidal friction in cosmogony. He therefore understood the nature of scientific thought in a manner which is entirely impossible to the mere student of science and its history, and was able to frame a metaphysical system which is as applicable to modern scientific developments as the mathematical system of Gauss. Until a first-rate scientific worker once more takes to philosophy we shall not see another Kant.

MUSIC

THE END OF A CHAPTER.

THE last quarter of the nineteenth century is now sufficiently remote from us to allow us to obtain a fairly clear vision of it as a period of musical history. The obvious great names of that period are Brahms and Verdi; but these two names do not by any means sum up the whole of its interest. The period may be said to begin with the production of "The Ring" at Bayreuth in 1876. That date marks the triumph of Wagner over his detractors; more than that, it marks the recognition of his ideals in non-German countries on the part of the younger leaders of music, however little appreciation Wagner's operas may have found at that date with the general musical public. Both as a composer and as a philosopher, Wagner is at the present moment very much out of fashion; but it cannot be denied that he was by far the greatest musical personality of his century. Even if we disregard his influence on the technique of musical composition, on the methods of musical drama, on the æsthetic attitude towards music, there remains the tremendous force of his whole personality, revealing to other musicians and to many who were not musicians the possibility of accomplishing something vaster and nobler than they had ever dreamed of before.

The earlier generation of musicians had almost all of them travelled on through life in conventional ruts. In Germany they wrote conventional symphonies, in France and Italy conventional operas, in England conventional anthems. One might almost say that Beethoven had lived in vain. He had broken with the traditions of the age of Mozart, in that he refused to be the servant of an aristocratic patron and knew himself to be the leader of a new democracy; but as years went on the world of music gradually adjusted itself to new social conditions and did its best to forget that there had ever been a revolution. The new conditions in Germany were favourable to the gradual organization of music as a national industry, and organization on such a scale inevitably means standardization. We have long ceased to have any illusions about Mendelssohn and Schumann; and now, as we look back at the music of Germany from the death of Beethoven to the rise of Brahms, we see it as the lifeless and useless product of obedience, diligence, and respectability.

Outside Germany some people admired these qualities, or thought it right to pretend to admire them; others expressed themselves as frankly bored with German music. But however contemptuous they were, their own music was just as conventional in its way, judged as a work of art. But Wagner, assisted no doubt by other influences, brought about a moral change in the outlook of musicians towards their art. They admired German music not so much because they thought it beautiful as because it was serious. Undoubtedly the Germans regarded the whole art of music differently from other nations. Non-German musicians who took their art seriously and wished their fellow-countrymen to do the same naturally held up the Germans as an example. They set out to write serious music; and that meant that they set out to write symphonies in the German style. They did not write operas, or if they did, their operas were failures, because successful operas, like those of Donizetti, Meyerbeer, and Ambroise Thomas, were written to please a worldly public and must therefore be

thoroughly-bad art. They were further encouraged to write symphonies by the fact that Germany had just produced a symphonic composer of incontestable merit in the shape of Brahms. Thus there arose in various non-German countries a school of composers who nowadays are all supposed to have sold their souls to Germany—Saint-Saëns, César Franck, and Vincent d'Indy in France, Tchaikovsky and Glazunov in Russia, Martucci in Italy, and in England, Parry and Stanford. Like Wagner, all these composers are now out of fashion. Perhaps a later generation may disinter their works and discover that what they had in common was not so much the German symphonic technique as a certain moral ideal.

Many readers of to-day will probably reply that moral ideals have nothing to do with art. But whether it be possible for art to be moral or immoral, it is certainly a historical fact that music has on certain occasions been profoundly influenced by moral ideals. As Romain Rolland pointed out long ago, the reform of opera effected by Gluck was a moral and not a musical reform; the general style of musical phraseology was untouched by the influence of Gluck, as we see in Mozart, who in "Idomeneo" solves Gluck's particular problems with a far higher technical skill and without disturbing the dignity and grace of the standard Italian type of melody. A later generation, which has outlived some particular technique, thus often comes to take a technical interest in composers who sacrificed technical skill to moral ideals; the vogue of Moussorgsky is a case in point. Indeed, the unskilful moralist seems to have better luck with posterity than the man who really knows how to express himself; for it may often be observed that musicians show very little power of forming serious critical judgments on single works of a remote period, either accepting or condemning them wholesale, as if they were in either case all of equal value.

Stanford outlived his reputation. He wrote too well in a technical sense, and now that his technique is a thing of the past, his works have ceased to interest. Only those who have themselves studied the technique of musical composition can realize how marvellous his technical skill was. It was an achievement such as had not been known in England for centuries, and there was no one among his own contemporaries who could approach him for beauty of workmanship. He was not merely a skilful composer, but a most inspiring teacher; and when we pass in review the English composers now living, we see that with hardly a single exception all those who deserve serious consideration have passed through his school. If they have not been his own pupils, they have been pupils of his pupils, whether they are conservative or modernist in their artistic tendencies.

The England of Stanford's younger days was the England of Du Maurier, and it is difficult for us nowadays not to be amused at his nautical heroics. "The Revenge," "Last Post," and "Songs of the Sea" were inspired by poems which to the present generation say things which "one does not say." Yet behind all this well-washed chivalry there was some sense of true poetry, and Stanford's music, when it aimed at serenity rather than pugnacity, attained beauty of supreme quality. If much of his music seems to modern ears cold and dry, it must be remembered that he had to create a new style for English music in those branches which Parry left untouched. That Stanford's music bore resemblances to that of Wagner and Brahms was a mere accident of time; the important thing to note is how he made a style of his own out of the language of the day. English music was to be serious, and it was to be the music of educated humanists; that was why it sometimes seemed to err on the side of well-bred restraint. There are moments of Beethoven which sound more like Schubert than like Beethoven; moments of Mozart which seem more Sullivan than Mozart; and I never hear the Transformation scene and Grail scene from "Parsifal" without feeling that they are more in the style of Stanford than in that of Wagner. Gurnemanz is, indeed, rather like an elderly master at an English public school; and it was that phase of English character which found its expression in much of Stanford's music. It may amuse us,

it may even repel us to-day; whatever one may think about such ideals of life and character, one may vigorously contest their interference in the world of art. But Stanford's musical style has become the English dialect of music. There is no getting away from it except by the deliberate adoption of some foreign idiom. Whatever posterity may think of Stanford's compositions, there can be no doubt that he, perhaps even more than Parry, because the more technically skilful of the two, was the real creator of modern English music.

EDWARD J. DENT.

EVENTS OF THE COMING WEEK

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, April 26. Moisewitsch, Chopin-Liszt Recital, at 3, at Queen's Hall.

Flonzaley Quartet at Wigmore Hall.

Monday, April 28. "Hamlet" at the "Old Vic."

"H.M.S. Pinafore" at Princes.

Daisy Kennedy, Violin Recital, at 8.30, at Wigmore Hall.

Tuesday, April 29. Leith Hill Musical Competition (to May 2) at Drill Hall, Dorking.

W. G. Constable, Lecture on "The History of Decorative Painting in England—The Middle Ages," at 5.30, at University College, Gower Street.

Wednesday, April 30. Kathleen Cruickshank, Song Recital, at 8.30, at Æolian Hall.

Thursday, May 1. "The History of Leagues of Nations," Lecture by Professor J. E. G. de Montmorency, at 5.15, at University College, Gower Street.

Friday, May 2. Gladys Cole, Soprano, with the Queen's Hall Orchestra, at 8.15, at Queen's Hall.

POETRY

AN APRIL SONG.

A cuckoo's back on the Cuckoo Stone, the Cuckoo Stone,
the Cuckoo Stone—

The catkins swing, the skylarks sing,
And Spring hath come to her own again.

A cuckoo's back on the Cuckoo Stone,
With love and life, in daily strife,
Once more together thrown.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Come lads and lasses woo!

A cuckoo's back on the Cuckoo Stone, the Cuckoo Stone,
the Cuckoo Stone—

Jack turns to Jill, and Jane to Bill,
And Will to little Joan again.

A cuckoo's back on the Cuckoo Stone;
From peep of day to dimpy grey
He chimes his monotone.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Come lads and lasses woo!

A cuckoo's back on the Cuckoo Stone, the Cuckoo Stone,
the Cuckoo Stone—

Oh, fairy bell, ring never knell
To tell that love hath flown again.

A cuckoo's back on the Cuckoo Stone:
Pray no heart meet, or spirit greet
His music with a moan.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Come lads and lasses woo!

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

MR. GARNETT'S SECOND.

WHEN Mr. David Garnett wrote "Lady into Fox" he did a bold and dangerous thing, and I realized this to the full while I was reading his second book, just published, "A Man in the Zoo" (Chatto & Windus, 5s.). Nothing is more dangerous for a young writer with a future than to write a *tour de force*; to produce as your first book a *tour de force* which is completely successful is almost equivalent to literary suicide. The reason is that a *tour de force* is nearly always a blind alley; there is nothing beyond it, and the more successfully you have explored it, the more inevitable it is that you must either retrace your steps and get out of it or you must stay where you are and merely repeat what you have already done better and more freshly before. I do not think that anyone can admire and enjoy "Lady into Fox" more than I do; it is a brilliant idea brilliantly executed, and it has a humour and flavour which appeal to me enormously; but it remains a *tour de force*, a delightful blind alley from which, one feared, Mr. Garnett might have the greatest difficulty in extricating himself.

There is always very strong pressure upon a writer to repeat himself, and the pressure is both internal and external in the case of a successful writer. There is no doubt that the mass of readers, once they have approved of a writer, like him to produce each year a standardized article, and often the publisher, not unnaturally, is eager to satisfy this demand, while the author, perhaps unconsciously, hesitates to leave the pleasant little alley where he is safe and successful for an untrodden wilderness where he may make a fool of himself. That was why I opened "A Man in the Zoo" with a certain amount of misgiving and trepidation, but I had not read many pages before I was reassured. Mr. Garnett has not taken the fatally easy way of remaining where the last page of "Lady into Fox" left him; he has been courageous enough to retrace his footsteps, and his courage has been rewarded. "A Man in the Zoo" is not the completely successful book that "Lady into Fox" was, but it is a better book, because it is not a mere *tour de force* and it has something on the other side of it. It raises an interesting problem.

Mr. Garnett has wisely decided to retrace his steps slowly. The kernel of his second book, as of his first, is an extremely ingenious idea. Instead of a lady becoming a fox we have a man being exhibited as an animal at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. In both cases, too, the method is largely the same: an impossible situation is described with the seriousness and low-toned circumstantiality appropriate only to some every-day occurrence. But there are two marked and vital differences between the two books. The first, and the more important, is the difference of style. "Lady into Fox" was written by Mr. Garnett, but not in Mr. Garnett's style; when you had finished the book, you had no conception how Mr. Garnett wrote, for he allowed Defoe and the eighteenth century completely to control his pen. It was really an astonishing feat. Many people have, of course, written in an imitation style, but their books have invariably been a "bore" and obviously a "fake." Mr. Garnett made his borrowed style exactly fit his narrative, and with extraordinary skill kept it a

real thing and not a mere fake. But he was like a man juggling with knives or a tight-rope walker on a wire: a false movement and all the knives would come clattering down, a false step and the beautiful young lady would be lying on the carpet. By some miracle the catastrophe never happened. Mr. Garnett retired behind the curtain, marked FINIS, gracefully kissing his hand and murmuring:

"For a long while his life was despaired of, but at last he rallied, and in the end he recovered his reason and lived to be a great age, for that matter he is still alive."

* * *

"A Man in the Zoo" is written in Mr. Garnett's style. Almost inevitably, perhaps, he sometimes wobbles back for a moment into the style of "Lady into Fox," but the lapses are momentary and unimportant. I do not think that in this book Mr. Garnett has yet found himself or his style, and that is why it does not achieve the perfection of complete success as his other did, but it was essential that, if he was to have any kind of future as a writer, he should break away from Defoe and the eighteenth century, and speak to us in his natural voice. The mere fact that he has done so makes "A Man in the Zoo" a book of greater promise than "Lady into Fox."

* * *

But there is another point of difference. To take an absolutely impossible situation, and then to relate it in detail quite gravely and seriously as something which really happened, is to write a fantasy. "Lady into Fox" is very nearly, but not quite, a fantasy. Occasionally even in that book Mr. Garnett allowed us to see that he saw another meaning behind the purely fantastical narrative. But this second meaning, the parable which turns the fantasy into satire or something greater and deeper than satire, was never insisted upon; it remained a dim shadow in the book and, I suspect, even in the author's mind. "A Man in the Zoo" is just as ingenious an idea as the former book; it has the same queer light humour; but it is different, more solid and, I should almost say, grim, because the second meaning, the parable, is more insisted upon, more consciously part of the book and of its form. This again, in my opinion, makes it a better book and one of greater promise than "Lady into Fox," for it is in the direction of a deepening of the parable that Mr. Garnett must go if he is to have a future. And here is my only complaint against Mr. Garnett. That there should be the shadow of a second meaning behind a tale, and that it should remain only a shadow even in the mind of the author, is perfectly legitimate; but once the second meaning is at all emphasized and the parable becomes an important part of the story and of its form, then, as it seems to me, it is imperative that the author himself should have a perfectly clear idea of the meaning of the parable. I do not object to the interpretation being difficult, provided that the difficulty is due to the originality and depth of the author's meaning; but I do object to the author being mysterious because he himself does not quite know what his parable means. It may, of course, be due to my own stupidity and denseness, but occasionally in "A Man in the Zoo" there seems to be a haziness which ought not to be there; I think the reason is that Mr. Garnett never quite made up his mind what he meant by his man in the Zoo.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

A WOMAN OF GENIUS.

✓ **The Life of Olive Schreiner.** By S. C. CRONWRIGHT-SCHREINER. (Fisher Unwin. 21s.)

It is not very likely that anyone under thirty has read anything written by Olive Schreiner; and perhaps no one, or very few, will read her in the future, for her work is of her time, not of all time. Yet, as is recorded by all who knew her, she had that unusual and powerful quality at which we fling the word genius. We cannot define it; but we recognize it, although we may be hard put to it to say what it is. The word is applied to people of very different qualities; we need not here attempt to say what is the common element. Perhaps it is simply vitality.

Olive Schreiner was not a bit like Shakespeare, or Leonardo, or Goethe. She was more like Shelley, except that she was not a poet; and she had something of Joan of Arc. Whatever her view, it was always passionately her own. She had not mere opinions, or prejudices, as most people have; nor had she wisdom like Goethe, nor comprehensiveness like Shakespeare. What she had was conviction. Here, for instance, is a characteristic scene. She was talking to Rhodes, and something was said that roused her. Whereupon "she broke into one of her tremendous storms; so violent was she in her utterances (which were never personal, much less insulting, at such times) that she not only hammered her fists violently on her head and on the table, but also banged her forehead on it with such force that the guests actually were alarmed lest she would injure herself. . . . I have seen similar frenzies often; she lived on the verge of such outbreaks, and a trifle could send her over the line, when she became almost as though violently mad, except that her reason was not affected."

Nothing in her was second-hand. She had not much chance of education in the ordinary sense of the word, but what was offered her she rejected with determination. She was the only free-thinker in her family, and she had to pay for it by the sort of amenities that may be expected in a society living still among seventeenth-century issues. When she was a small child she discovered (apparently for herself) the Sermon on the Mount, and rushed to her mother, crying, "Look what I've found! Look what I've found! It's what I've known all along! Now we can live like this!" Her reward, we are told, was "some cold words of reproof," and, as she said, "she never got over the shock." From that moment, perhaps, dates her detachment from Christianity. "Personally," she writes, "I owe nothing to the teaching of Jesus. Except the fifth and sixth chapters of Matthew, no part of his teaching ever touched me as a child, and from the time I was fourteen, when I ceased to read the Bible or to go to church, Christianity has been almost non-existent for me; I have lived to an extent you would hardly understand in quite a different world." That world was built up for her by John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer on the one hand, and by Shelley and Emerson and Browning on the other. But Goethe also, by his "Wilhelm Meister," contributed to her illumination, as we are told in the vivid notes of Mr. Arthur Symonds: "The revelation of this cold, impersonal art—not hatred of wrongdoing, but simply understanding and painting life as it is—has helped to break or weaken the overwhelming sense of sin, the conscience which she inherits from her Puritan ancestors, and which she finds to be exaggerated. In Goethe sin is unknown." The magnetism which drew her to these writers is probably unintelligible to contemporary youth, but every Victorian of her date will understand it. For the later Victorians were as religious as the earlier. The difference was that they wanted to breathe in the open air and not in a prison. The open air has proved colder and more unfriendly than they suspected, and some are taking refuge in the old cells. But this Olive Schreiner never did. She died, as she had lived, a free-thinker who was also religious.

This position she worked out for herself in the solitudes of South Africa, and the harassing life of a governess in

Boer families. "The best and noblest years of my life," she writes later, "when I learnt and grew most, were when I was a poor little governess earning £25 a year and tying my shoes with red flannel strips because they would have fallen off otherwise, so full of holes they were." When she came to England and "The Story of an African Farm" brought her suddenly into fame, she met some of her teachers, and suffered the not uncommon disillusionment. Of Herbert Spencer, for instance, she said, "that he was tall and lank and walked about saying scornfully, 'What was a lord to him? he cared nothing for lords. . . .' He talked to her a little, and asked her if she played bowls, which he said (in philosophic language, no doubt) was a pretty good game. She came to the conclusion she had no wish to see him again, or any other great person, under such circumstances." "Under such circumstances" is the saving clause. Even Heine got nothing out of even Goethe, when he visited him. Olive also met Mr. Gladstone, who was a tremendous admirer of her book, and she makes two interesting remarks about him. One: "I was quite unprepared to find Gladstone such a wonderful child of genius—nothing else. He's all genius." The other: "Oh, the cute old devil! One never knows what card he has up his sleeve!"

Gladstone reminds one that Olive Schreiner was interested as much in politics as in literature. Her recently published study of South Africa is one of the most illuminating things written on that subject. She was English and German by birth, but she had lived with and understood the Boers. And, when the South African war came, she was on their side. Before this she had met Rhodes, and been fascinated by him as he was by her; for genius of one kind calls to genius of another, and Rhodes had genius, though hardly of a celestial kind. On first meeting him, she records that she had a "mysterious feeling." "It's not love, it's not admiration. . . . It's not that I think him noble or good . . . it's the deliberate feeling, 'that man belongs to me.'" But it was not long before she found how opposed they were in their purposes, however congenial in their temperaments. "When we got on the native question we ended by having a big fight, and Rhodes got very angry." Then "there came a day when Rhodes and Sivewright were on the Matjesfontein railway station; we had a talk, and my disappointment at Rhodes's action was so great that when both he and Sivewright came forward to shake hands I turned on my heel and went to my house. I heard him knocking at the door, but did not open it."

"She was the only English person," says her husband, "as far as I know, who had anything like a correct apprehension of what the coming war meant." We remember still the young officers going out with their golf clubs for a lark—a lark which cost some 20,000 English lives, the death of 16,000 Boer women in the "protection" camps, and £200,000,000 to subdue 50,000 Boers. But it was not merely the losses which moved Olive Schreiner. She thought the war was wrong. She was not a public speaker; but Mr. Nevins heard her address a meeting in this crisis, and writes:—

"Though she stood perfectly still, she was transfigured into flame. I have heard much indignant eloquence, but never such a molten torrent of white-hot rage. It was overwhelming. When it suddenly ceased, the large audience—about 1,500 men and women—could hardly gasp. If Olive Schreiner had called on them to storm Government House, they would have done it."

During the Great War she was in England, and a pacifist, if not an active one. "Olive was opposed to every war," her husband writes, and he quotes one poignant entry from her journal: "Oh, why can't I die to save one of these beautiful young lives that are dropping everywhere, in all countries and of all nations—Turks, English, German, French, Italian? It is all one to me what their nationality is." He adds: "This great war was the shattering of her beautiful hopes for mankind." Of how many more is not that true! Olive Schreiner died in 1920, and the last utterance recorded of her is, "We all get broader as we get older." It was true, at any rate, of her.

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

POPE & BRADLEY
Chill Military & Naval Tailors
14 OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By appointment to H.M. The King of Spain



The Shadow of Doubt

AN ADVERTISEMENT— PURE AND SIMPLE.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IF any reader of my advertising dissertations imagines for one moment that I write them out of sheer exuberance of spirit and with no ulterior design, it is due to my aggressive honesty that I should quickly disabuse him of such an unprofitable impression.

Frankly, I loathe writing advertisements. I would far rather dig weeds from a garden or decorate a large dinner party, or even waste my time at some comically vulgar Business Convention. Any one of these three degrees of Hades would, at least, leave my mind at liberty to wander at will free from the chains of the necessity of invention.

But possessing extravagant tastes and pleasantly vicious habits, and being compelled to regard the disgusting importunities of soulless Income Tax Officials, I am obliged to earn a sufficiency of money to enable me to spend a few hours of joyous leisure.

Therefore I write advertisements; not for love, not to air an aphoristic conceit, and certainly not to give a charitable literary entertainment without adequate recompense. They are written purely, if not simply, to persuade the intelligent but sartorially adolescent public—here one arrives at the crude language of truth—that Pope and Bradley make the best clothes in the world. The reason why this statement is seldom emphasised is that the constant reiteration of the obvious becomes irritating, and if my advertisements took the form of a poem on the romance of trousers there would be such a revulsion of feeling that no cultured person would wear them.

Any ordinary advertising agent could write an eulogy of a pill. Few people pine for clean minds, but even animals desire clean stomachs. A pill is matter of the moment. There is no call for subtle arguments, or placid cogitation on "to take or not to take." With trousers it is very different; they have been labelled "unmentionables," which probably accounts for my innate delicacy in seldom mentioning them.

Having explained myself—which, by the way, is another originality—I hope it is understood clearly that my main, ulterior and honestly material desire is that all who read my advertisements should practise economy and artistry by purchasing their clothes at my House. Despite the chaotic condition of trade in Europe, it is the most successful business of its class extant. That is because it is wisely governed by an artistic autocracy. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
 & 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
 ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

No matter where or when or how you buy Three Nuns Tobacco, you can rest assured that every packet or tin will be as splendid in quality, as appealing in fragrance, as the last. The secret of this wondrous uniformity lies in the curiously cut circlets, each a perfect blend in itself, that go to make this slow-burning, cool-smoking, dustless tobacco.

**THREE
NUNS
TOBACCO**

Sold everywhere in the following packings:—

2 oz. Tins - 2/4 1 oz. Packets 1/2
 2 oz. Packets - 2/4 4 oz. Tins - - 4/8

Stephen Mitchell and Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited, 39, Abchurch Lane, London E.C. 4



**THREE NUNS
CIGARETTES**

of
 Pure Virginia Tobacco
10 for 6^d.

POETRY.

The Harp-Weaver. By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. (Secker. 6s.)

Secrets. By W. H. DAVIES. (Cape. 3s. 6d.)

Before the Dawn. By HUGH L'ANSON FAUSSET. (Dent. 5s.)

Songs of Field and Farm. By DOUGLAS ENGLISH. (Bell. 3s. 6d.)

MISS EDNA MILLAY is undoubtedly a poet. She is, I understand, a native of Maine, at present in the early thirties, details less interesting than the fact that she is, undoubtedly, a poet, and, although an American, writes in English. She is not an ornate writer. If we follow the practice of tracing influences, a practice irritating and probably, half the time, fallacious, but in some cases permissible as illustrative of a writer's temper and method, we shall discover the example of A. E. Housman—not so much in the rhythms which have proved so easy a bait for many younger poets, and which are apt to lead critics all too readily to ascribe half the verses written in those rhythms to the paternity of the "Shropshire Lad," but in precisely that severity of expression which gashes the reader sharp and clean. The bones of Miss Millay's poetry are obscured by no redundant flesh. Because her statements are left so bare, she cuts a line straighter than the more rhetorical—a recognized device of poets, now generally and happily esteemed. It is, however, something more than a device; it is a luxury which only the richer poets can afford. For economy of manner is really the supreme extravagance of matter, arguing not poverty but deep reserves of invention, and it is a truism that that which we experience most profoundly we need to make least parade about. With how slight a touch, for instance, does Mr. Davies illuminate his "Secrets":—

"See how that lovely rainbow throws
Her jewelled arm around
This world,"

lines out of which a lesser poet would have wrung a complete poem. And Miss Millay:—

"Pity me, that the heart is slow to learn
What the swift mind beholds at every turn."

There is no insistence; it is tossed to the reader, take-it-or-leave-it. The major poets were never parsimonious; they practised no hoarding of treasure, but dispensed with a careless hand, and it is to be observed that on almost any page opened in the spirit of *sortes poeticae*, the suggestion there found scattered at random might furnish the material for a volume to a more meagre seam of inspiration. Not that I hereby intend to suggest a comparison between Miss Millay, or even Mr. Davies, and the major poets. Mr. Davies, if one may prophesy, should run Herrick close in the estimation of posterity (for in any final estimation of Herrick we can never forget to divorce the absolute poetic quality from the accident of diction which invests so much of his verse with a fictitious charm to modern ears), and Miss Millay, one hopes, has yet a long future in which to prove herself. I should be interested to compare her earlier poems with her present volume, to discover whether her restraint is instinctive or acquired; I fancy the former. I remember seeing somewhere a poem of hers recalling in some measure the "Song of Honour":—

"The rain, I said, is kind to come
And speak to me in my new home.
I would I were alive again
To kiss the fingers of the rain,
To drink into my eyes the shine
Of every slanting silver line,"

accompanied by the remark that the author was a girl of twenty. Now there is no merit in precocity, *per se*. But merit there certainly is in one who from the beginnings has continued steadfastly in the same rigorous and self-appointed path.

It provides a contrast to turn from Miss Millay and Mr. Davies to Mr. Fausset's more decorative pages. Mr. Fausset is a distinguished critic of literature, and, in writing poetry himself, surely knows what he is about. His consequence—I had almost said his inevitable—self-consciousness is immediately apparent; he sings less "because he must" than because Keats and Tennyson have taught him to. The result is that his verses wear a slight air of unreality; they seem to have strayed into the wrong generation; even his vocabulary is subtly old-fashioned. To say this is not to

imply that he is in any way insincere; he is quite obviously anything but that. Indeed, his temperament would appear to accord in perfect harmony with his technique; somewhat more sentimental than most of his contemporaries; considerably more reverent. It was perhaps his misfortune to be born into an age which would receive his poetical phraseology and habit of mind as a trifle meaningless. For all this, there is a certain luscious beauty in many of his poems, no doubt largely dependent upon the rather shapeless, indefinite words he is fond of using, and to deprive himself of them might be to rob his work of what is its principal attraction.

Mr. Douglas English has an amusing talent; I like his menagerie, which includes no unicorns or phoenixes, but contents itself with brocks and otters, moles and mice, and other small beasts with whom he appears to have an intimate acquaintance. He has, too, a nice sense of geological time:—

"Who first won surrender
Of nimble hoof and toe,
Of bridled fang and sheathed claw
A million years ago?
Who first coaxed to harness
The auroch's stubborn frame?
Who first shepherded a flock,
Or called a dog by name?"

though I always understood that geologists computed man's existence on this planet at half a million and not a million years. But, of course, that would not have scanned.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

Walter de la Mare: a Biographical and Critical Study.
By R. L. MÉGROZ. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

THE chief virtue of this book is the enthusiasm that burns through it: the fine flame that, though sometimes obscured by the vehemence of its own smoke, yet lightens the reading of the volume. The subject, the victim almost, of this treatise is made to undergo the most minute analysis. He is discussed in every possible relation to life—as a schoolboy, as a talker in the home-circle; the texture of the hero's poetry is examined, the language dissected.

Hero-worship is the essence of the book. And hero-worship is an admirable thing. But, without wishing to quibble, it should be pointed out that it occasionally leads the author to an incorrect conclusion. Mr. de la Mare may be a relative, but he is certainly not a descendant, of Robert Browning! The heading, therefore, "Descent from Huguenots and from Robert Browning," is misleading, and should be altered. Such remarks of the poet's as "But here is your tram," too, seem hardly worth recording for a grateful posterity.

In spite of an army of admirers, in spite of Mr. Mégroz's almost infatuated raptures, it is possible that even now this poet has not received his full measure of appreciation. The people who insist on a message in poetry are, I think, and hope, disappointed; while others in this modern world go about in such terror of prettiness—though goodness knows it is difficult enough to find!—that they are shy of beauty. Strength—brute strength—and calling-a-spade-a-spade are the fashionable poetic objectives of the moment. Even the younger Georgians are now giving over their "Talks to Little Lambs" and buzzards and chaffinches and other mid-Victorian pantomime properties in order to write "strong stuff" about slaughter-houses and bull-dogs.

But so delicate, so like music borne on the wind, is Mr. de la Mare's perfection, that at first it seems unkind to catch it, to pin it down, and in this manner to deprive it of its wings. Nor is the attempt an altogether successful one. The airy creature struggles and will not be caught. And the thought is ever elusive, for, as we have said, Mr. de la Mare has no message which old ladies can badger at and worry like so many fox-terriers. There is so little except its own beauty to understand in any of his poems that each one becomes almost obscure, in the same way that, if one listened to the wind murmuring among the trees, and insisted that there was a message in it, that language, too, would become incomprehensible.

Perhaps the most interesting chapters in the book are those dealing with the relation between poetry and the



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dream. "The Listeners," that exquisite poem to which Mr. Mégroz so often refers, has much of the quality of a dream. It is in the same category, though it lacks the fantastic—almost bombastic—majesty of Coleridge's work, as "Kubla Khan." In both poems the magic of the words is inexplicable, not to be analyzed even after the most indefatigable efforts.

Yet it is easy to understand the fervour that has led the author to make the attempt. Just when the martial Kipling was in his prime, when the verse of the moment pounded, rattled, and kipliped along like a mad dog with a tin tied to its tail, this delicate music of another world first appeared. It offered to the sensitive an escape, an enchanted back-water in which to lie dreaming, away from the thumping of drums and raucous voices of the Stock Exchange. It resembled in spirit—though the poet is unaware of it—the painting of the impressionists or the music of Ravel, within its limits a perfect art, but one out of which no further development was possible; a back-water, a cul-de-sac. For beyond the enchanting frailty of Mr. de la Mare's best work it is impossible to proceed. No other poet could have achieved it—but yet the poetry of the future lies, probably, in some other direction, through some other gate.

OSBERT SITWELL.

SOME SHORT STORIES.

The White Ship. By AINO KALLAS. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Undream'd of Shores. By FRANK HARRIS. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

THE stories in "The White Ship" are stories of captivity. Forcibly converted to Christianity in the beginning of the thirteenth century, the Estonians had a miserable history punctuated by conquest and partition. Feudalism lingered until 1819, only to be replaced about the middle of the century by a labour-slavery of terrible severity. It is chiefly about this period that Mrs. Kallas writes. Suffering is the note of her stories, a suffering that is almost unbearable except when blunted by the docility or resignation of its victims. And the rebels are leaders of forlorn hojks; we are told that Bernhard Riives, the peasant who refused to be flogged, was put to death, and we suspect that Ingel, the wet-nurse who forsook her mistress's baby to look after her own, met a fate scarcely less cruel. The Estonians endured every form of persecution; when their conquerors spared them, disease and the elements had no mercy on them. Mrs. Kallas tells the stories convincingly and well, with a keen perception of natural beauty and with a simplicity and restraint that tend to make one underestimate her power. In a society of comparatively free men, a society in which the important events of life are conducted by free agents—politically free that is—one expects, perhaps wrongly, that relationships will develop and come to a head; ambition will find its outlet; personality will assert itself and thrive; emotion will indulge its violence and think to find in violence its justification. The men and women in "The White Ship" know no such liberty. In their case almost every end the will proposed itself was foredoomed to failure and frustration. They could only kick against the pricks; and Mrs. Kallas is right when she depicts them as on the whole cowed and ineffectual, triumphant only in renunciation and self-sacrifice. When they do assert themselves, when the workmen set fire to the manor-house and burn also the beautiful cow-house which they had been bidden to build, and which a thoughtless word showed them to be much more habitable than their own homes, their victory is still merely hysterical and cruel, the unpremeditated outburst of a slave.

It would be unfair to suggest that these stories are only a study in racial disability and inferiority; but one and all they are conditioned by slavery. The subject of the title story is characteristic. The phantom white ship will come, think the pilgrims, and carry them away to a better country and a freer life. They gather on the shore all unprepared; for to make preparations would be to insult the god of their escape. But the ship never comes, and the pilgrims, their ranks thinned by hardship and disease, melt away. One feels no need of a catastrophe to heighten the effect of this moving story or to give an edge to its profound sense of disappointment and disillusion.

If Mr. Harris's shores are undream'd of it is perhaps because dreamers have grown fastidious. Their peculiar unreality and improbability are not the unreality and improbability of dreams, but the marks of an ingenious and sophisticated fancy that mistakes the glare of the footlights for the sacred glow of the imagination. Never did such expense of realism produce effects so unrealistic. In execution the stories are often extremely dexterous; but in almost every case the hollowness of the theme makes a mockery of its meticulously woven covering. Whether in Europe, Asia, Africa or America, whether artists, torturers, native princes or prize-fighters are his subject, Mr. Harris manages to make them all unconvincing. The characters flutter and move until their situation faces them; and then, like Medusa, it turns them to stone. Atmosphere and dialogue survive better, for Mr. Harris's observation serves him well. It is judgment and invention that fail him. Who would admire a musician because he could exactly imitate the notes of a bird? Yet Mr. Harris devotes pages to this (as he feels) underrated virtuoso and his banal love-story. Many passages in the book would read more fittingly as memoirs, since they are connected with the names of real people, generally illustrious. The introduction of them dissipates illusion. It would be absurd to deny that artifice and artificiality have their uses, are perhaps even essential to works of fiction; but if they are to control the springs of human action their validity should be examined very carefully. Unquestionably enormous in its extent, Mr. Harris's experience stands like a vast engine, motionless; the power is absent that would make its wheels go round.

L. P. HARTLEY.

AT THE PLAY IN 1923.

The Contemporary Theatre, 1923. By JAMES AGATE. (Parsons. 7s. 6d.)

MR. AGATE is a companionable writer and a good critic; various, discriminating, and generous. Love of the play is too deeply rooted in him for anything but a simple expression of loyalty that carries the more conviction for being unattended by fanfares, canopies, and waving of banners. "It lacks the healing power of great music, great painting, and great poetry," he says. "The grandest speech in Shakespeare, the most poignant of the situations in Æschylus, seem to me to fall below the emotion of certain pictures of Raphael and Michael Angelo, certain scores of Beethoven and Wagner, certain passages of Wordsworth. Yet for none of these, as a schoolboy, would I have played truant as I frequently did for the theatre."

And with this in the back of his mind, it is not strange that he looks to the actor for something akin to the art of the musician or the sculptor, so that when he writes of Duse in "The Lady from the Sea," one could think of the playing of some inspired fiddler. "Terror and ecstasy sweep over her face . . . as though they were not present stress, but havoc remembered of past time. . . . If there be in acting such a thing as pure passion divorced from the body yet expressed in terms of the body, it is here. Now and again in this strange play Duse would seem to pass beyond our ken, and where she has been there is only a fragrance and a sound in our ears like water flowing under the stars." And Pater is pleased.

In his varied critical adventurings Mr. Agate is invigoratingly sane and reasonable. He has little liking for the repertory playwright's presentation of life as though, in Stevenson's words, it were a passage from the womb to the grave so short as to be hardly decent, and with no time at all for joy; in a music-hall he can take his seat with a good heart and a catholic appreciation that is alert to recognize in Grock's fooling with the keyboard-lid of his piano all that ever was Scribe or Legouvé, Halévy or Labiche.

The bulk of the volume, however, concerns the "serious drama," and one is bound to remark the friendliest of bees in the critical bonnet. Just as Mr. Beerbohm has made Mr. George Moore explain why, when people talked of Tintoretto, he always found himself thinking of Turgenev, so Mr. Agate frankly avows his intention, when the playwright gives him half a chance, of harking back to the Ibsen that is in him. "To fulfil oneself in hell is better than to crawl into heaven through the legs of a better man," or more succinctly, "Dree your weird and be damned," is good

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potted Ibsen; I have read more pretentious interpretations that had less of the root of the matter.

Why should this sometime realist, now known for a poet and a dreamer, so haunt the minds of the younger playwrights? Mr. Agate is not the man to ride abroad on a hobby-horse, and it is no mere preoccupation that is constantly aware of a presence behind the players, like the ghost of the super-puppet Petrouchka lingering half-alive amid the puppets of a lesser stage.

It may be that Ibsen's outlook on life—his sense of determinate process, of the inevitableness of things, and the aggression of the trivial—is as intrinsically agreeable to the demands of dramatic structure as it is tantalizingly difficult to present dramatically in terms of "spiritual conflict."

Our author is impatient of the subconscious on the stage: "There is little drama in declared insanity," he writes, "and none at all in the clash of conflicting subconsciousnesses." Most just; but when he leaps to the hasty generalization that where there is no freewill there is no drama, it is perhaps time to call a halt. For again Petrouchka beckons.

The immediate interest of these reprinted essays lies in their survey of a year of great dramatic activities, distinguished by an unusually high pitch of artistic excellence; a year that has brought us Duse, the Guitrys, "Anna Christie," "Hassan," "Robert E. Lee," "R.U.R." and the "Insect Play," "Outward Bound," "Ambush," and some interesting revivals. In its character of current criticism the book is, of necessity, loose in texture, but there is some close thinking innocent of pedantry and pretence, and a freshness that springs from an agreeable personality, sensitive and sincere in its reactions. Mr. Agate addresses himself first to those with one half-crown a week for the theatre. He is inclined to look to the pit for the brains as well as the soul of the playhouse; and, after all, as he pertinently inquires, what actor ever cried: "Gad, sir, the dress circle rose at me?"

H. SYDNEY M. LEWIS.

"THE TWO-AND-SEVENTY JARRING SECTS.

Contemporary British Philosophy. Personal Statements. (First Series.) Edited by Professor J. H. MUIRHEAD. (Allen & Unwin. 16s.)

THERE are only sixteen sects represented here, but more are promised; and about their jarring there can be no doubt. Indeed, this is the most noticeable feature of this most interesting book. Those who are accustomed to talk glibly about the Cambridge school of philosophy, or English Neo-Hegelianism, and to imagine that, if a philosopher is not definitely a sheep, then he is a goat, will be astonished to find that there is no ideal Sheep or Goat to which a philosopher approximates, but that each wears his sheep (or goat)-ness with a difference.

Perhaps this is due to the different environments in which the sheep (or goats) have been reared. Many of the personal statements included in this book are prefaced by short autobiographies which will doubtless be of the greatest interest to a psychologist of the future. Is there a causal connection, one wonders, between Professor Wildon Carr's "successful business on the Stock Exchange" and his discovery of Bergson? Or between Professor Laird's birth "in the parish next to Reid's birthplace" and his belief that "minds may go beyond themselves in their knowing"? Some of these connections are appreciated. Dr. Bosanquet (in a paper which Professor Muirhead describes as "his last will and testament to his generation") realizes that after being brought up in an "old home on a large Northumbrian farm"—"a place where for several generations there has reigned a practice of business efficiency together with a spirit of cordial co-operation and neighbourly kindness"—"the doctrine of the real social will comes to one as the recognition of an obvious and solid fact." And the Bishop of Manchester agrees that, since his father "was deeply and

even passionately convinced of the Personality of God and of the Deity of Jesus Christ,"

"it is perhaps not surprising that I have never been able to feel any doubt about the reality of God as a Being with whom personal intercourse is possible and actual, or about the Godhead of Jesus Christ, through whom that intercourse takes place in my own experience."

Space permits me to refer to only four of the sixteen philosophies represented here. Dr. McTaggart contributes a summary of the deductive system which he is elaborating in "The Nature of Existence," the first half of which alone has been published. Except for the two empirical premisses (that something exists and that what exists is differentiated), Dr. McTaggart believes that his system is entirely *a priori*, and that he can prove by pure reason that everything which exists must have certain properties, in particular that its parts must stand in a certain relation of "determining correspondence." And since spirit is the only thing that seems able to have this property, therefore nothing but spirit exists, and we "misperceive" things as matter and as existing in time. True perception is a relation of love—the percipient self loving the perceived self.

"This is the fact which decides all other emotions. If I love A, I shall regard myself with reverence, because I love him. If I indirectly perceive B, by perceiving A's perception of him, then, since I love A, and A loves B, I shall regard B with a feeling which may be distinguished from love by calling it affection. And I shall regard with complacency the parts of selves whom I regard with love, self-reverence, or affection."

Thus the world is bound together by love. For Dean Inge, also, love is the fundamental relation, although he, as befits a Christian and a Platonist, is less of a pluralist than Dr. McTaggart. "We can 'find our soul' only by losing it—or as we say, losing our hearts—to others." But for him there are personal relations which are not those of love, as witness his remarks upon punishment:—

"There is much confusion of thought, and much flabby sentiment, about punishment. Punishment is essentially vindictive; reformatory treatment, however incidentally unpleasant, is not punishment at all. A religion without real fear is likely to be merely unfruitful emotion. It is at any rate not Christian."

For Dr. Inge "the call to philosophy is a call to a consecrated life"—"the leaders of philosophy have been, on the whole, something more than respectable citizens." Dr. Broad, on the other hand, has "a natural dislike for every kind of *Schwärmerei* and enthusiasm in philosophy." In his interesting paper he distinguishes between critical and speculative philosophy, the former being the analysis of the concepts and principles used by science and common sense, which analysis he thinks makes "real and fairly steady progress," the later being the construction on the basis of such criticism of a system of Reality. Dr. Broad is himself, of course, a critic; and he considers that "the main value of Speculative Philosophy lies, not in its conclusions, but in the collateral effects which it has, or ought to have, on the persons who pursue it." Nevertheless, he considers that mystical experiences deserve more attention from philosophers than they get, and holds that in so far as

"the capacity for such experiences can be cultivated by a suitable mode of life . . . without detriment to the critical faculties, it deserves the serious attention of philosophers; for theories which are built on experiences known only by description are always unsatisfactory."

Mr. Russell has been following Dr. Broad's advice, and his paper shows him to be still under the influence of Mr. Wittgenstein's "Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus." Mr. Wittgenstein is a mystic who has combined a Cambridge education in mathematical logic with a sense of sin; unlike Dr. Broad's mystics, whereas the value of his experiences is extremely doubtful, it is quite possible that his logic may be correct. In this case it would seem that all philosophical questions are nonsense questions. But Mr. Russell still talks about possible structures of the world in his old way: it is doubtful whether he realizes that agreement with Mr. Wittgenstein is equivalent to agreement to a suicide pact.

The contributors whom there is no space to mention except by name are Lord Haldane, Professors Baillie, Hobhouse, Mackenzie, Lloyd Morgan and Carveth Read, and Dr. Schiller.

R. B. BRAITHWAITE.

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In such words does Mr. Beebe transport us to those strange volcanic islands beneath the equator, that the Spaniards, in days of old, named the "Enchanted Isles"; where yet the age of reptiles reigns, and the explorer is met by large lizards, which in fantastic colouring and amazing adornment make one's wildest nightmare seem sober sense. It is one of these Giant Land Iguanas which has the honour of a double plate in the centre of the volume, and whose portrait figures on the "jacket," but it is rather trying, even to an Iguana, to be pictured on a vivid yellow ground—a natural background would have given a better idea of the weird creature.

This book embodies the results of the 1923 Harrison Williams Galapagos Expedition, which went out under the auspices of the New York Zoological Society, to study and collect specimens of the fauna of this archipelago; but the reader need not fear a mere dry-as-dust scientific catalogue, for no one can write more vividly than Mr. Beebe. Here, on a worthy subject, he is able to exercise his power of picturesque description to the full. As in "Jungle Peace" and his other books, his pen pictures are endowed with magic; they seem to leap to life; one is wafted away to these desert islands, one can almost feel the equatorial heat, see the crabs scuttling over the lava rocks, the unafraid birds watching the invaders with curious eyes, and the sea lions only too pleased to be friends. Fear is hardly known—

"a beautiful hawk alighted on a branch not four feet from us. Quite fearless and very curious, his bright yellow talons gripped his swaying perch, and his yellow eyes gleamed as he cocked his head to inspect our extraordinary presence and procedure."

Or, again, the description of a sea-lion rookery on one of the Guy Fawkes Islets:—

"The cliff above me reached up two hundred feet in great billowy rolls and strata, recording every separate outburst and overflow of countless years past, thousands before pirates and yachts and scientists ever were. At one side, on a third great slab, almost within arm's reach, were four pup seals, watching with their great, expressive eyes, with a straining concentration which hinted at adaptation rather to watery depths than to clear air and sunlight. They were silent, and now and then lost interest in me to the extent of nodding sleepily or of scratching their half-dry, rich brown fur. A newcomer began frolicking with one of the four, and they raced all round in their hunched, caterpillar method, sending down a shower of fine sand which fell on my writing and dried it, as used the sand-boxes of my grandfather. . . . a few yards away the parents of the baby seals stretched out in sound slumber. I could go up and push and slap them without awakening them."

This account of the absence of fear of man among the island creatures recalls what Darwin wrote of his visit to the Galapagos during the voyage of the "Beagle," when he was so much struck with the confiding tameness of the birds and beasts, which seemed without any knowledge of the murderous proclivities of the human race. Alas! the present-day scarcity of giant tortoises, which were numerous at the time of his visit, shows that the fauna of the islands has been buying experience dearly. The American expedition found but one individual; Darwin had met with hundreds!

Mention of the "Voyage of the Beagle" leads irresistibly to comparison between the earlier and later accounts, the first written by a man to whom writing was no pleasure, and who has told us that he acquired his mastery of the pen with difficulty, who strove laboriously to find the right word to convey each shade of meaning to his readers, yet who achieved a style monumental in its simple and noble English: and this latest account written, you feel, by one from whose pen words flow easily in swift, glowing description. Between such, comparison is not possible; Mr. Beebe's style is his own, a style which charms us by its ease and vividness, and which in the book reviewed reaches an even greater height than

in his earlier works. In fact, "Galapagos: World's End," is a remarkable volume, remarkable not only as regards subject, but in the treatment of that subject, on which Mr. Beebe and his collaborators are to be congratulated. Without any sacrifice of scientific exactitude they have produced a book that holds the interest of even the non-naturalist from beginning to end, and at the same time is a valuable contribution to zoological and biological literature

FRANCES PITT.

MODERN ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.

Modern English Architecture. By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (Chapman & Hall. 21s.)

OF the making of books on architecture there is no end, yet too often nowadays there is more making than good writing in them. The present reviewer was recently informed by one well able to judge that letterpress in a "book" on architecture is superfluous: if inserted at all, it should be so detached, in the form of a preface or introduction, that it need not interrupt or interfere with the "reader's" enjoyment of the pictures. This statement may be exaggerated, but, assuming that it is even partially true, it is intensely depressing to any thoughtful student of architecture.

Mr. Marriott's new volume supplies a cheerful antidote to this gloomy prospect. From beginning to end it is full of clear thinking and charitable judgments. Criticism of modern architecture usually fails on both these counts. If written by an architect, his views are often distorted by some temporary prejudice in favour of the fashion of the day; whereas the layman's zeal often outruns his knowledge. Mr. Marriott has studied some of the most thoughtful of recent writers on architecture—Sir Thomas Jackson, Professor Lethaby, Mr. Geoffrey Scott, and Mr. March Phillips—but he nevertheless makes up his own mind as each problem presents itself. He writes as a layman, but also as the father of a young architect with whom he has evidently had many discussions. The earlier chapters, in which he describes the function of architecture, its relation to building, and its history, are written with the practised skill of the experienced journalist. Occasional colloquialisms and slips into slang only help to make the book the more welcome to the general reader for whom it is intended. The author attempts, not quite successfully perhaps, to define the meaning of "architecture," and then proceeds to an excellent study of the effect of materials and surroundings on design. His views on the "moral foundations" of domestic and commercial architecture are equally sound, and few will disagree with the lively chapter in which he considers the relation of the architect to the craftsman, past and present. A brief summary of the history of architecture comes as something of a surprise in such a book, but, as he says, "the modern architect has to build into the whole context of the past," and, even in so enlightened a view of the present as this undoubtedly is, the past cannot be ignored. Within its limits of space, it is an admirable summary, supported by well-chosen quotations, and it contains many other brilliant aphorisms besides the statement (suggested no doubt by the mention of vaulting ribs) that "When one compares the feminine strength of Gothic with the masculine strength of Romanesque, there is, indeed, something in the transition which recalls the Biblical story of the creation of Eve from Adam." Next comes a very temperate account of the Gothic Revival (followed, in a later chapter, by an acknowledgment of the debt that all modern English domestic architecture owes to that much-misjudged movement, a fact that is too often ignored). The comparison of the Gothic spirit and the Classic spirit, in all forms of art, is another instance of Mr. Marriott's clear thinking and freedom from prejudice.

The succeeding hundred pages are devoted to a criticism of modern buildings in this country, grouped according to their purpose and accompanied by biographical particulars of their architects. Some of the judgments are especially penetrating, e.g., it would be difficult to sum up the characteristics of the work of Bodley and Rickards better than is done here. On the whole, the selection of examples is just, though one notes a few omissions, such as Marylebone Town Hall and some of the best buildings of the L.C.C., to say

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nothing of Whitehall. The houses of Lutyens and Newton receive their due meed of praise, but surely "Heathcote" (p. 173) is not a typical country-house, and the naming of the less celebrated domestic architects is a trifle invidious.

A few of the photographs are taken in foggy or dull weather, and so do scant justice to their subjects, but for the most part they are excellent. A more definite criticism may be made of their placing in the text. Thus, when reading of cave-dwellings (p. 44), one is confronted with a picture of the new L.C.C. Council Chamber! With a little forethought, the illustrations might have faced, or at any rate adjoined, the paragraphs to which they refer.

Mr. Marriott's book may be commended to all those who wish to understand modern English architecture. Indeed, the average architect could wish for no more discriminating and friendly critic to convince the public that some buildings of to-day are worthy of comparison with the great masterpieces of the past.

MARTIN BRIGGS.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

The Murder Club. By HOWEL EVANS. (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Howell Evans has a pretty taste in crime, and his murder mysteries solved by the professional and amateur detectives who call themselves "The Murder Club," will compare favourably with many of their class. If Mr. Evans has not quite satisfied the connoisseur of detective fiction it is because he has overloaded his stories with plot and, to link them together, has set them as episodes in a melodrama that utterly lacks plausibility. Here and there in the collection we come across a really clever little plot, ingeniously woven and as ingeniously unravelled, only to find it stripped of probability by the intrusion of some such absurdity as that a high official of Scotland Yard may be a crook, or that our Secret Service is run on the lines of "The New Arabian Nights." This is a pity, for if Mr. Evans kept his plots simple and eschewed cheap melodrama, he might become a master of his craft. As it is, he excites his reader's interest, but never his fear. The real thing should make the flesh creep and fill the dark with horrors, but no pulse will beat the faster because of the Murder Club and its mysteries.

Last Year's Nest. By DOROTHY A BECKETT TERRELL. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)

There can hardly be a more unpleasant subject for sentiment than the love of a young step-father for his middle-aged wife's daughter, nor is such a story rendered any more pleasant by the fact that this love is returned. It says a good deal for the skill with which this novel is written, that it is readable despite the frankly sentimental treatment of its subject. The matter is not greatly relieved by a sub-plot which deals with the escape of a young naval officer from the clutches of another middle-aged lady. Of course, the secret of the book's comparative freshness is that it is written as a plea for the young, and as an assault upon all that keeps youth from youth in the springtime of life. If Miss Terrell's analogies taken from bird life are a little unhappy, her intentions are always excellent, and if natural history does not support her as strongly as she thinks it does, so much the worse for natural history. When a bird becomes middle-aged may be a moot point, but youth does not always mate with youth in this year's, last year's, or any year's nest.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Studies in Tidal Power. By NORMAN DAVEY. (Constable. 32s.)

Those readers of this journal who were interested in Mr. Norman Davey's article on Tidal Power which appeared in it a few months ago, and those who are interested in the subject but thought the article too short to shed much light on so complex a problem, should give their attention to the very full treatise which he has now published. In his more serious moments, Mr. Davey writes novels; but he is also the author of the standard work on the Gas Turbine, and he has displayed both his literary skill and his scientific competence in this thorough study of tidal power. In this work the question is considered theoretically, from the practical engineering point of view, and

economically. The enthusiasm of the pioneer is admirably tempered by scientific restraint, and the author's final conclusion, that "the total maximum output of electric energy possibly available from tidal power in the British Isles may be taken at about 10,000 million units per annum," is the more acceptable by being at once translated into a coal conservation of about 6½ per cent. of the yearly output. A much smaller saving than this would, of course, be well worth making if Mr. Davey's major claim, that the utilization of tidal power is an economically practicable undertaking, could be substantiated. His precise statement on this point is that:

"In all cases where intermittent power may be efficiently employed, tidal power seems to be far more economically advantageous than any other form of power at present available. . . . In all cases where the lower and more usual industrial load factors prevail—i.e., load factors of from 15 per cent. to 35 per cent.—the economic advantage lies very strongly with tidal power as opposed to steam power."

Time Measurement. By L. BOLTON. (Bell. 6s.)

Mr. Bolton calls his book an introduction to means and ways of reckoning physical and civil time, and he has written it so that the ordinary reader can understand it. It deals first with the cycles of movement suitable for measuring time and then with the apparatus which have been invented for measuring time. The book is full of most interesting information.

A Song to David, with Other Poems. Chosen, with Biographical and Critical Preface and Notes, by EDMUND BLUNDEN. (Cobden-Sanderson. 6s.)

Mr. Blunden has done us a very good service by editing this selection. Christopher Smart, whose "infirmities," Dr. Johnson remarked, "were not noxious to society"—though he spent several years confined in a lunatic asylum and died in the King's Bench Prison—is one of the "curiosities of literature." He is known as a man who wrote one magnificent poem, "A Song to David," while the rest of his work is worthless or nearly so. Mr. Blunden disagrees with this view, holding that many of the poems written after "A Song to David," while not comparable with that triumph, are "delicate and pleasant" and worthy of being printed in the same volume with it. He has proved his point by editing this little book.

A Short History of Birkbeck College. By C. DELISLE BURNS. (University of London Press. 5s.)

This is a centenary history, for Birkbeck College was founded in December, 1823, for the education of working men. Though it has passed through various changes, it maintains two of its original characteristics: it is partly governed by its students, and it is "an institution for part-time adult education." Mr. Burns has written a valuable book, which should be read by all who are interested in adult education.

Prohibition Inside Out. By ROY A. HAYNES. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

Mr. Haynes is Prohibition Commissioner in the United States, and his book is an authoritative account of the way in which the Prohibition Act has been enforced. As such it is extremely interesting, though many people will naturally not agree with the author as to his lack of bias.

A Social History of the American Negro. By BENJAMIN BRAWLEY. (Macmillan. 18s.)

Mr. Brawley has written a valuable book. It is an exhaustive history of the American negro from his coming to America down to the present day, and is indispensable for anyone who wishes to learn the facts about one of the most difficult racial problems in a racially distracted world. There is an interesting chapter on the negro Republic of Liberia.

"The Studio" Year Book of Decorative Art, 1924. ("The Studio." 10s. 6d.)

Ernest Gimson: his Life and Work. (Oxford: Blackwell. 24 4s.)

English Homes. Period II., Vol. I., Early Tudor, 1485-1558. By H. AVRAY TIPPING. ("Country Life." £3 3s.)

"The Studio" Year-Book has a large range, as even a cursory glance through its many photographs will show; it begins with architecture and carries us through electric light fittings, furniture, &c., to pottery. The book on Gimson, the architect, who died in 1919, gives one a sense of similar breadth of range. Its excellent colotype prints show Gimson's work not only as an architect, but also as a designer of furniture, metal work, and plaster work. The third book contains a collection of the well-known "Country Life" studies of English houses, this volume dealing only with the early Tudor period.

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